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FRUIT AND SEED.

BY CHARLES BAYLE.

Seed and blossom and flower,
See how the wonder grows!
Born for the wild earth's dower,
Born to give joy for an hour,
Fed by the wind and the snows.

Blossom and flower and fruit
Beauty a guerdon at last!
Seed with a setting to suit.
Say, what of flower, what of root?
What when the summer is past!

Flower and fruit and seed,
Perfect the way of the world!
Three that are one indeed.
So by the fates decreed
Is the banner of life unfurled.

A GOLDEN PRIZE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

IT was high tide, and the waves were buffeting the remains of the pier and lashing the rickety parade. Two or three nursemaids with their children were sauntering down the road; a couple of girls in the regulation caps and jerseys were playing tennis in the club court. Nurse girls and tennis players seemed to jar upon Kate's feelings that morning, and leaving the "tame" part of Sandford she made her way along the sea walk towards the high cliffs.

Once she reached the breezy heights above the houses, and could let the wind buffet her cheek, she felt she could forget Clifford Raven and every other troublesome subject—even Lord Carr-Lyon; and quickening her light, springing walk into almost a run, she scaled the narrow path and reached the top of the cliff breathless and panting. She stood for a moment or two, looking down at the foaming wave heads, then walked on.

A little further on there was an indentation in the line, forming a shelter from the wind, in which the "parochial authorities" had, with most unusual parochial consideration, placed a seat. It was a favorite spot of Kate's, and almost her own at this season, for very few of the Sandford people cared to climb the cliffs in October.

She had almost reached the recess, and almost forgotten Clifford Raven, when suddenly he appeared before her.

He was sitting on her seat, his hands clasped behind his head, a pipe in his mouth, looking out to the sea with an expression of dreamy sadness which was a singular one for a bad man to wear.

Kate stopped short, and her breath came fast. Should she go back, or go on? If she went on she must pass him—pass him without a word; to go back seemed, somehow, cowardly, and Kate abhorred even the semblance of cowardice.

While she paused in this tumult of hesitation, Desmond Carr-Lyon turned his head, and saw her.

He had been thinking of her, with his eyes fixed upon the sea; it had not been the waves he had seen, but the beautiful flushed face of the girl as she had stood and looked at him in the major's dining-room last night. And she was here! or was it only a vision? For a moment he remained motionless. Then he thrust his pipe in his pocket, and rising, took off his hat.

There are a great many ways of taking off a hat. There is the affected way of the man of fashion; the braggadocio manner of the cheap—and nasty—swell; there is the humble deprecatory mode adopted by the acknowledged inferior; and there is the manner in which this young man raised his—the prompt, frank salute of courtesy, cheerfully rendered and gracefully performed—the salute of a gentleman.

"Good morning," he said, and his eyes met hers with what for a moment was a glow of glad surprise, but grew grave as she returned his salutation with a cold bow.

He noticed the change in her manner from that of last night, and a tinge of color rose to his sunburnt face; and not humbly, but respectfully, he drew back, as if he would say, "You need not stop to speak unless you like. Go on."

The gesture touched Kate, and made it impossible to pass him. Stopping and looking at him half sideways, she said, as coldly as she could:

"You have not left Sandford, then, Mr. Raven?"

He stared at her for a second, then he remembered the name the major had bestowed upon him last night.

"No, I have not gone yet, Miss Meddon," he said, looking down.

She glanced at him, took in once more the worn shabby coat, thought of her own warm jacket, and felt a pang of pity shoot through her. After all, if he had been bad, he was poor and friendless.

"Are you going to stay long?" she asked, a little less coldly.

He was silent a moment.

"No, not long," he replied. "I am going now. I was on my road when the beauty of the view and this uncomfortable seat tempted me to linger."

"This is not the way to the station," she said.

"Oh, I'm walking," he responded quietly. "I'm fond of walking," he added, with a faint air of carelessness, which did not deceive Kate, who bit her lip.

"I hope you found the hotel comfortable?" she said, scarcely knowing what to say, feeling that she ought to go, and yet conscious of a strange reluctance to do so.

"Oh, yes, thanks," he replied easily, and with a smile, as he thought of the broken truss of straw in the empty stable in which he had spent the night. "It is a very comfortable hotel, I should think."

"We—I thought—you did not come to breakfast with us?" she said, coloring quickly.

"You are very kind, but I breakfasted early, and I did not like to disturb you." Then, as if he wanted to avoid any further questions of the same sort, he added quickly: "This is a very beautiful place," and he waved his hand towards the coast.

"Yes," said Kate, looking at the view but still seeing his handsome face. "But it is not near so beautiful as Australia, is it?"

"Australia?—I don't know." Then, as she turned with surprise in her eyes, he added: "It is so difficult to make comparisons. After all, no place seems so beautiful to an Englishman as England."

"That is very patriotic of you," she said. "And are you"—she paused—"are you going back to Australia?"

He waited a minute, thinking with a grave face.

"I don't know, Miss Meddon. The fact is, I am rather a wanderer, and my movements are uncertain. You might as well ask that leaf, blown about by the wind down there, where it is going, as ask me. By the way, the wind is blowing rather coldly; won't you sit down in the shelter—or are you in a hurry?"

Now was Kate's chance to wish this shabbily-dressed young man with a bad character, good-morning; but she did not take it. Instead, after a slight hesitation, she sat down.

He stood and looked at her for a second or two, at the lovely face, with its dark eyes fixed on the sea, at the stray curls of silken hair the wind had blown from beneath her hat, at the delicate lips with their half sad, half pensive droop.

It was a face an artist would have longed to paint, and Desmond Carr-Lyon—otherwise Clifford Raven—was an artist at heart. And more than that, it was the face which he had called up before him during the long hours of the night as he lay on his bed of straw in the empty stable.

Slowly, reluctantly he withdrew his gaze, lest she should turn her eyes and be offended; then he sank on to the seat as far from her as it would allow.

"You do not know where you are going, Mr. Raven?" said Kate; "you speak as if you had no home."

"Well, I haven't," he admitted.

"Or friends?"

"Or friends," he echoed, with a smile that was not particularly mirthful. "You see," he added quickly, as if deprecating her pity, "when a man comes back to England, after spending ten years in Amer—in Australia, he is apt to find that his friends have disappeared—or forgotten him."

"You found my father last night," she said, almost unwittingly; then, as she saw a singular expression cross his face, she crimsoned, and would have given worlds to recall her words.

"Well, yes, but——" he paused—"Major Meddon and I are mere acquaintances."

"My father said you were an old friend," she said quickly. "He told me——" then she stopped.

He looked at her with grave scrutiny. What had the major told her? Not the truth; he knew the major too well to think that. But what then?

"What did your father tell you about me?" he asked gently.

Kate turned her face away, and her brows came together.

"What was it? Don't be afraid! You won't"—with a smile—"offend me. What was it? Did he"—with a sudden inspiration, and suppressing a smile—"did he tell you that I was an altogether bad lot, Miss Meddon?"

Kate's lips quivered.

"Don't ask me," she faltered, in a low voice, her face still turned away.

"I thought as much. It was like the major," he murmured to himself, with a half amused, half bitter smile. Then he said aloud:

"I'm sorry your father should have shown me up, Miss Meddon."

"Oh, what shall I say!" murmured Kate, almost crying. "Mr. Raven, I—I ought not to have said so much, but it slipped out. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes, and with all my heart," he said in his deep voice, and with a smile that moved Kate more than an angry word would have done. "But don't think the worst of me, please."

"No, no, I will not," she said, with piteous eagerness. "I am sure that—that—whatever it was, is all past and done with. I am sure—— Oh, if you knew how sorry I am that I should have said a word to wound you."

"I know, I know," he said gently, with the gentleness of a strong man. "But don't pity me too much, Miss Meddon; I don't deserve it."

"But I do pity you—I cannot help it!" she said gently. "Whatever you may have done, you are homeless and friendless now——" she stopped, and forced the tears back.

"It is worth being homeless and friendless to have your sympathy," he said.

There was silence for a moment. The dull roar of the sea smote upon their ears; a gull skimmed past them and floated against the blue sky. A wild longing possessed him to turn and tell her that it was he who had been sinned against and wronged; but he beat it down. Whatever lie the major had told her must remain unchallenged. He could not tear the mask from her own father.

"Can I—can my father do nothing for you?" she said, after this pause. "Will you not come back and see him? He has a kind heart, and will—oh, I know he will!—prove your friend."

He had to fight with himself once more, then he replied quietly.

"No, I will not go back and trouble your father, but I thank you all the same."

"Do not thank me," she said, almost impatiently; "I have done nothing but wound you."

"You have done a great deal better than that," he said; "I cannot tell you all that you have done, but I shall carry the remembrance of you with me wherever I go, and as long as I live. As long as I live I shall remember your face as it smiled upon me last night, and your kind words will linger in my ears. I was thinking of you as I sat here this morning, and wishing——" he stopped suddenly, "and wishing that I might see you again. And you see," with a smile, "for once wishing brought fulfillment, for I have seen you again. Miss Meddon, to a wanderer like myself such kindness as yours is a rarity. It is like coming upon a 'lead'—a streak of gold—when one never expected it. It is better than the streak of gold, because one spends or loses it; but I cannot lose the remembrance of your kindness; for I have got it safe, here," and he touched his breast.

Kate listened with half parted lips. There was not much in the words, but they were eloquence itself to her, for there was the true ring in the deep musical voice. Feeling that she could not stay longer, seeing that his words were like a farewell, she rose.

"You are going?" he said. "It was kind of you to stay so long with a—worthless scamp like myself. Well, good-bye. We may not meet again. It is not very likely; I am going to take a ship from the next port I come to," he added slowly, his eyes fixed on her face with a strange wistfulness. "But will you—is it too much to ask that, if you should ever think of me, you will think as kindly as possible?"

"Yes, yes," faltered Kate, scarcely knowing what she was saying, and she held out her hand.

He went to take it, then stopped.

"Ah, I had almost forgotten," he said, in a low voice, and he put his hand in the breast pocket of his coat, and took something out. "Miss Meddon, I ought to return you this. I know it was obtained under false pretences. Will you take it and make me unhappy, or will you make me happy and leave it with me?"

Kate looked down at his hand and saw the shilling in it. The hot blood suffused her face, then left it pale.

"I may keep it? Thank you. I will never part with it. No"—with a sudden earnestness—"not though I may be starving!" Then, with a smile, as he saw the swift look of trouble on her face, "Not that there is much chance of that! But I will keep it in remembrance of you and all the kind things you have said to me."

He put the shilling back and held out his hand.

"Good-bye!"

Only two words, and yet they seemed to Kate the saddest she had ever heard!

For a moment she let her hand rest in his, then she drew it away and, as if she

were afraid to utter another word, walked quickly away, and up the steep path.

It wound in a serpentine fashion towards the higher cliffs, and after a while, she gained courage to stop and look back.

He was standing where she had left him looking after her, and as she turned, he raised his hat and waved his hand.

She did not respond to the farewell gesture, but hurried on, so agitated by the strange emotion that possessed her that she did not see another woman coming down the narrow path towards her until the new comer was upon her.

Then Kate, with a start, stood back to let the woman pass.

As she did so, she looked up, and saw that the woman was young and gaudily dressed. She half paused, and muttered a "Thank you!" and Kate hurried on with the impression of a rather handsome but a very vulgar face, and two black, bold eyes.

The impression made by the face was an unpleasant one, and to drive it away she turned to see if she could get another glimpse of the man whose presence and voice had moved her so strangely.

At that moment the woman with the vulgarly handsome face and bold defiant eyes had reached the recess, and Kate heard her exclaim: "What, Des! You!" and utter a loud laugh of amazement and astonishment. Then she saw the two, the man she had left, and the woman who had passed her, shake hands.

For a moment she stood as if the shock of their meeting had turned her to stone. She had felt hot—burning hot—a moment ago, now she felt cold.

He knew this woman—this woman whose vulgarity and commonness were as palpable as the sun in the sky. And she had called him some nickname! They were friends!

Then her father was right and had acted rightly in refusing to talk about this man to her! And she had been wasting her sympathy upon him!

Her face flushed with shame, her eyes filled with indignant tears of self-scorn. She had been deceived by a clever actor, a shameless hypocrite, who was even now, perhaps, laughing with his woman who had accosted him so familiarly, over the girl he had hoodwinked and deceived with his fine speeches and gentle voice.

The revulsion of feeling was so great, so unendurable that she flung herself on the grass, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears. Kate, who had scarcely ever shed a tear before!

CHAPTER VI.

THE young fellow, Desmond Carr-Lyon, had surprised the major the night before; it was his turn to be surprised now.

"Why, Des!" exclaimed the woman, and she stopped, and stared at him, then burst into a laugh—the laugh that Kate had heard so plainly.

"Jess!" responded Desmond, then he laughed, too, but in a quieter fashion.

"Well, of all the extraordinary things," she exclaimed emphatically. "To think of meeting you here! You, of all people!" and she looked at him as if she could scarcely yet believe him to be real.

"The world's a very small place, after all, Jess," he said, in his quiet fashion, and with the grave smile. "But it's none the less extraordinary to meet Jess Playford here. What brought you to Sandford-on-Sea, Jess?"

"What brought you?" she returned, avoiding his question by the simple device of meeting it with another. "And where have you been all this time? Why you disappeared as if—as if you'd been swallowed up. Tell us all about it, Des," and she threw herself into the seat and invited him to follow her example with a free and easy gesture.

Desmond Carr-Lyon sat down and took his pipe out of his pocket.

"Don't mind the tobacco, Jess? You used not to," and he smiled.

"You can smoke like a limekiln if you like," she responded promptly; "I always liked it. You haven't got a cigarette?"

He took out a paper book and handed it to her, and she rolled up a cigarette with evidently adept fingers, and lit it.

"Fancy meeting you here! Why it's the very last person—but tell me all about it?" and she turned her black eyes upon him with undisguised curiosity.

"There isn't much to tell, Jess," he said, with his quiet smile. "You know the old proverb about the rolling stone: you see before you a stone that has rolled very much indeed——"

"And not picked up much moss, eh, Des?" she said, glancing at his weather-beaten clothes.

He nodded and laughed in his short manner.

"Not enough to line a nest with."

"No? And you so clever, too, Des! But there, you were always a wild one, weren't you?"

"I was," he assented cheerfully.

"And you've been abroad?"

"Very much abroad," he said quietly. "I've been to America, Jess."

"Oh!" and she nodded significantly.

"The land of the almighty dollar, the region of gold and silver; but somehow the almighty dollar did not come my way, and the gold and silver nuggets——" he stopped and nodded rather bitterly. "But this reminds me of the old times, Jess," he said, looking at her with a smile. "It's like the other day, and yet it's more than ten years ag. You aren't much altered, Jess."

"Thanks; of course you'd say that," she said, with a stifled sigh. "I can't follow suit! You are altered, Des," looking at him scrutinizingly: "You look older—it's that beard and the hair, I suppose—but you are just as good-looking—better!"

He raised his hat with mock gallantry, and laughed.

"That's a very pretty compliment," he remarked. "You didn't give me time to say that to you, which wasn't fair——"

"It wouldn't have been true," she retorted bitterly. "I have altered, and I'm not handsomer and I know it! Yes, it's like old times! "I've often thought of you, Des, but I'll be bound you never gave a thought to me during your wanderings, have you?"

"Indeed, I have," he said simply. "Many a time, when I've been sitting in my tent, with nothing for supper, and an appetite about the size of an elephant, with the rain dropping through the holes in the canvas, and the wind blowing like a knife underneath it, I have thought of the little tobacco shop at Cambridge, and the pretty little girl who used to give us tea and muffins in the snug little parlor behind! Yes, Jess, I have thought of you more often than you can guess."

She sighed.

"They weren't half bad, those times, Des," she said, with a sigh, and a far-away look in her black eyes, that rendered them soft and sad, instead of bold and defiant.

"No, and the tea and muffins were more than half good! I've tasted them a good many times—in my mind's mouth, Horatio—and wished I was eating them," and he laughed.

There was silence for a moment, then he said:

"Is the little shop there still, and is the little—no, the big girl!—still making tea and toasting muffins, Jess? Ah, no; I suppose not. Are you married, Jess?"

"No," she said briefly and curtly.

"No? Let me see; you were engaged to a decent young fellow—what was he?—a lawyer's clerk, or something. Forgive me for forgetting; but though I've remembered you, Jess, I've forgotten him."

A frown came upon her face, and her hand moved restlessly upon the arm of the bench.

"I wish I had!" she murmured. "No, I didn't marry Edward Long——"

"No?" he smiled. "Poor fellow! Ah, well, it was too good a piece of fortune for him, I suppose. He took his chance with the rest; so many young fellows were in love with pretty Jess Playford, and wanted to marry her! You refused me, didn't you Jess?" and he smiled.

"Yes, I was a better friend than you thought me," she said curtly.

There was silence for a moment, then she said bitterly, as if she couldn't help herself.

"What made you rake up the old times, Des?"

"I beg your pardon; forgive me, Jess."

"No—it was natural. Why shouldn't you? How should you know that the thought of them cuts me like a knife? You say I'm not much altered. By rights, seeing what I've suffered and gone through, I ought to be as wrinkled and old as a woman of sixty. You say you have had a hard time, Des; but I'll wager I've had a harder!"

Her face had turned paler, and deep lines seemed to have become suddenly engraved on her face.

"Des, if it weren't for men like you, I should hate the sound of a man's name. There is one I do hate, ah, worse than poison!"

"I'm sorry," he said gently, trying to change the subject; but she went on as if she were compelled.

"You say you remember me—you remember what a happy light-hearted girl I was, Des? Not a care in the world! With the best and honestest young fellow—poor Ned!—begging me to be his wife, and—Oh!" she broke off, flinging her cigarette away and clenching her hands, "it makes me mad to think of it."

"Don't think of it, then," he said gently. "Harking back on the past—especially if it was a good time and the present is a bad one—is unprofitable work, Jess. Forget it."

"Forget it! No!" she exclaimed between her teeth. "I couldn't if I tried, and I wouldn't if I could. There isn't a day, no, nor an hour, that I don't think of the girl I was, and—and the woman I am."

She caught her breath and bit her lip, then added:

"I'll tell you, Des, because—because I somehow feel as if I must; and, besides, perhaps you can help me. Who knows? You have been about a good deal and may have met——"

She stopped, and remained silent for a few moments.

"Des, when you left Cambridge I was going to marry Ned. The day wasn't quite fixed, but it had been talked of, and it was understood that directly he got a rise we were to be married."

She paused again, and her eyes grew softer as she looked out to sea, then she roused herself.

"One day, while I was getting my things ready—I was sitting in the shop at work—and a gentleman came in. He was a young fellow, not good looking, but—but stylish; a little too stylish for one of your set; besides, I knew he wasn't a Cambridge man; I know 'em all! He bought a cigar and stopped and talked a bit, and then he went and I thought no more of him. He came the next day and stayed and talked a little longer, and the next. Then he told me his name——" she paused. "It was Claude Hamilton. Did you ever hear the name, Des?" and she looked at him with anxious expectancy.

"Hamilton—Claude Hamilton? No. But Hamilton is not uncommon, Jess," he said. "Not a Cambridge man?"

"No, no; I should have known him else. No, he was a stranger to me and the place! He was staying at a hotel, he said he was rich. He wore heavy jewelry, and—and he came one day and took off a diamond ring and gave it me."

"You took it, Jess?" said Desmond, with mingled surprise and reproach.

"Yes," she said bitterly, "I who used to refuse everything except a bunch of flowers from the rest but I took his ring, Des. I don't know what made me do it. I—I was mad!"

She caught her breath, and beat the seat with her fingers.

"It wasn't the only thing I took. He was free enough—then there was scarcely a day but he'd bring me something—and—and I took them all, and—and hid them from Ned."

Her voice broke, and she lowered her head, and kept it lowered as she went on.

"It's the old story, Des, and you have guessed it I expect. He never let me alone. He was always telling me that I was too good to sit all day in a paltry shop, selling bad cigars to a parcel of cads. I ought to be a lady. A lady!" she repeated in a bitter tone.

"To cut it short, Des, he offered to marry me, and to make me Mrs. Claude Hamilton!"

"Jess!" exclaimed Desmond Carr-Lyon almost sternly.

"Yes, that's right! But you won't say anything, think anything so bad of me as I say and think of myself! And I wouldn't have consented, but Ned—Ned and I had a tiff! It was all about nothing, but he flung himself out, and said he wouldn't be played with any longer, and that he'd never come back to me."

She stopped and cleared her throat.

"But he did come back the next day," she went on hoarsely. "Come back to find I'd gone."

Desmond looked at her with grave apprehension.

"That wasn't like you, Jess," he said in a low voice.

She laughed bitterly.

"No, was it? But I was mad, I tell you, clean mad. His talk and grand promises had turned my head, and I was no more like the sensible girl who used to keep all you young fellows in your place, than—a fool is like Solomon!"

She dashed her hand across her eyes, and then went on.

"I went off with him, Des, and then—and then I found what his fine promises were worth. He didn't make a lady of me, and he left me a week afterwards. Left me in London, a stranger and friendless, with nothing but a few shillings, for the story of his being rich was as big a lie as the rest, and he'd borrowed all my savings, too."

Desmond did not shrink from her as a self-righteous person would have done.

The same manly sympathy which had prompted him to feed the tramp and the two children while he went hungry did not desert him now.

He put his hand on the girl's hand with a gentle, comforting pressure; but she shook it off.

"Don't—don't pity me, Des, or I shall break down," she said hoarsely. "I was in a bad plight—just what I deserved!" she went on. "I ought to have starved outright, but I didn't. It's always the people who want to die that have to live on; but I very nearly managed it. I was down to my last copper when I heard of a chance. There must have been some of the good looks left that you fellows was always telling me about for I got work as an artist's model. It was hard work," she sighed, "standing for hours at a time, with nothing to do but to think, think, think, but it kept the wolf from the door. It did more than that, for after a time I got to be known as one who could stand without speaking or moving longer than the rest of them, and I made money. I didn't spend more than I could help; I saved it. Can you guess what for, Des?"

He shook his head.

She drew a long breath.

"All the time I was standing so still and silent I was making a vow. I used to say to myself that some day, the very first day I had money enough, I'd start on the search for him."

Desmond looked at her, startled by the tone of her voice. There had, at no period of the recital of her story, been any tears in her eyes, but her voice softened now and again. Now, however, it was hard, and rang like steel.

"I said to myself that if I waited fifty years I would find him, and once I found him——! I was never like other girls, Des. You used to say, all of you, that I had the pluck of two twice my age. For the work I've got in hand I've got the pluck of ten—a hundred!"

Her teeth clicked, and her eyes flashed fire.

"I am on the search, Des, and I shall find him some day. When I do——" she panted, and he watched her with grave intentness—"we'll know which is the strongest; the cur whose every word was a lie or the girl he deceived and deserted! I know the way of the world, Des. It's a very pleasant way for your sex, but a hard and cruel one for the woman! It isn't good enough for me! No! I shall meet with him some day, and then——" she stretched out her hand, and her fingers opened and shut—"and then I will say to him——"

She stopped, and her hand fell to her side, almost as if she suddenly became conscious that she had a listener.

She wiped her face upon which the perspiration had started and drew a long breath.

"That's—that's my story, Des!" I don't know what I told you! You're the very first person I've opened my mouth to about it! I suppose it was meeting you so suddenly, and remembering the old times, and the good friends we used to be! But I am not sorry I've told you! You won't tell again, I know that!"

Desmond nodded.

"No, my poor Jess," he said gently. "I won't say how sorry I am——"

"No, there's no need. The rocks out there on the beach might be sorry for such as me," she said, "and I know your kind heart of old."

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked.

"No, no, nothing. No one can do anything for me—excepting it's to tell me where to find him. No one can help me; I must do what I've got to do myself. All I'm afraid of is that I may find him too late"—she paused and her hands clenched—"that he may be dead—or married. But somehow I feel as if that couldn't be. Something seems to tell me that I shall meet him face to face, and have him at my feet."

"I hope so, with all my heart, Jess," he said. "If every scoundrel like him were hunted down in the same manner, the world would be a better and a happier place! And you are here on this errand, Jess?"

She nodded.

"Yes. I saw him the other day, quite by accident. He was getting out of a cab at the railway station. I followed as soon as I could, but he'd got into the train, and they wouldn't let me on to the station without a ticket. The train was going down this line, and the next day I came down to Brexford—that's the biggest seaside place. But I couldn't find him there, and I've come on from watering-place to watering-place. Nothing seems to tire me, nothing

seems to knock me out; every day I keep myself going by saying to myself that I shall find him to-morrow, perhaps. And the to-morrow will come some day. But that will do about me. Tell me about yourself, Des. You"—she paused—"you don't look as if the world has treated you too well."

He smiled.

"As well as I deserve, I daresay, Jess," he said lightly.

A flush came upon her face.

"If—if—" she said falteringly, "if you are hard up——Oh, Des! don't be offended with me. I know you're a gentleman, and I'm only a poor girl you used to be kind to, but I've got money, and it would make me happy—ah! happy, Des!—if you'd let me help me——"

In her eagerness she put one hand on his arm, the other had slid into her pocket.

He took her hand and pressed it with greater friendliness than he would have shown to a duchess.

"Spoken like the old Jess!" he said. "And you said you had altered! No, Jess; I can't let you help me in that way. What! take the money you have saved for your great purpose! Come, come, we won't think of it. But all the same—there! Why, you have made me blush; think of that, Jess!"

Though there was not a sign of blush on his face, there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes.

She sighed.

"Of course you couldn't; I might have known that," she said resignedly. "But what a strange world it is, Des. That you,—a gentleman, should be down on your luck—you, a real gentleman! Why, there is a Lord Carr-Lyon, isn't there—a regular earl?"

"There is, Jess," he said, laughing; "but that doesn't make it any the better for me. The old gentleman and I were never good friends, and there are two sons of his between me and the title, so that there isn't much advantage having an earldom in the family, is it, Jess?"

"But—but, surely they'd help you, Des?" she said anxiously.

He laughed.

"If I'd ask them; but I'm not the sort to beg favors of my own relatives. Besides, I haven't seen any of them since I was a youngster at school, and know nothing about them. No, Jess; I've cut out my own way, and a good thing, too. It's been pretty hard to cut at present, but it will run into something smoother directly, I've no doubt."

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Abroad once more,—over the herring-pond. England seems rather a cold place when you've no friends, Jess."

"You know no one?" she said. "I met a young lady, a very beautiful girl, on the path just now, and I thought she had been talking to you as she appeared quite suddenly."

Desmond hesitated a second, then he said quietly:

"She is not a friend, Jess." He could not tell her of the meeting with Kate Meddon without going into the whole story. "Barring yourself, I may say that I have not a friend in England, so that I am wise in getting out of it, don't you think?"

He rose as he spoke. He had spent quite time enough idling, and there was a long tramp before him.

"Good-bye, Jess. I can't tell you how glad I am that I have seen you, and I only wish you had better news to tell me."

"Perhaps I shall have when we next meet. You'll give me your address, Mr. Carr-Lyon?"

"I would if I had one, Jess," he said with a laugh, "but that is a luxury which I have not possessed for some time. Good-bye!"

He took her hand and pressed it sympathetically and encouragingly, and then he went up the path, his graceful figure standing out against the clear blue of the sky beyond.

CHAPTER VII.

THE major, feeling very shaky and seedy, went on his way to the hotel.

He could almost fancy that he still felt Desmond's Carr-Lyon's grasp on his collar, and the young man voice echoed in his ears.

But for Kate's unexpected appearance, he, the old major, would have been before a magistrate this morning and the story of his villainy would have been proclaimed to all the world.

Great Heavens! What a narrow escape it was! And what a fool he had made of himself throughout the business! But it was too late to draw back now.

There was the affidavit that he had sworn to the effect he had seen Desmond Carr-Lyon dead and buried; and there was that money he had borrowed from Lord Carr-Lyon. No, he could not go back. He must go on, at whatever cost.

But perhaps all would turn out all right. Desmond was a wanderer by instinct, and would be certain to leave England, would never come back, perhaps, and never learn that the three lives which had stood between him and earldom had been suddenly lost.

Still the major, swinging his cane, and walking as his aching head would allow through the High Street, cursed his luck.

A dog-cart stood before the door of the hotel, and, in response to the major's inquiry, the groom said his lordship was not down yet.

"I've been waiting for half an hour," said the groom, "and I can't keep the horse warm much longer."

As he spoke Lord Carr-Lyon appeared at the door.

The major looked seedy, but his lordship looked far worse. The weak, vicious face looked more weakly-vicious than ever in the bright morning light, which revealed with glaring distinctness the pale, bloated face, and shifty, sullen eyes.

"Hallo!" he said, in response to the major's greeting. "What a beastly morning; the sun's enough to blind you. Where's Kate?"

"Got a bad headache, and begs you'll excuse her, dear boy," said the major promptly. "She was awfully disappointed, for she'd set her heart on coming."

"I dessay," retorted his lordship, as he climbed up into the cart. "Hold still, will you?"—this to the horse. "Stand still, you brute!" and he fumbled for the whip with a shaking hand.

"Ahem! I—I don't think I'd whip it," said the major; "seems rather fresh! It's got chilled standing so long!" and he looked down the side apprehensively.

Notwithstanding—or, perhaps, because of—this remonstrance, his lordship cut the horse viciously across the shoulders, and the animal sprang forward, nearly jerking the major off the seat.

"I feel beastly bad this morning," said Lord Carr-Lyon; "it's the weather I suppose."

"Very trying weather," assented the major.

Further conversation was rendered difficult, if not impossible, by the jolting and twirling of the dog-cart, caused by the plunging of the horse, irritated beyond endurance by the flicking of his lordship's whip.

In a few moments they arrived at the lodge leading to Lydcote, and passing underneath the gateway drove through a magnificent avenue to the house.

The alterations were nearly completed, and the upholsterers were rapidly decorating and furnishing the place.

It was a magnificent old house, and promised to be a remarkably comfortable one; and the major's heart swelled in his bosom as he thought that his daughter would some day be its mistress.

The earl threw the reins to the groom and got down, and at once commenced to bully the workmen.

When he got tired of that he condescended to enter the hall.

Reminders of the old family still remained in the shape of flags and banners, but his lordship had caused the Carr-Lyon arms, carved and emblazoned, to be fastened to the old walls wherever there was room for it, and a picture of himself suspended in the centre of the hall.

"Beautiful place!" exclaimed the major, as he followed his lordship from room to room. "Does you infinite credit, my dear fellow," he added, ignoring the fact that the alternations and improvements were the result of his suggestions.

"So it ought to be," retorted his lordship, "costs money enough."

"Money well laid out," said the major smoothly. "Here is a drawing-room fit for a prince."

Lord Carr-Lyon looked round the magnificent apartment sullenly.

"It's well enough," he said. "Why didn't Kate come and look at it to-day. Do you know why I've gone to all this expense? Just because you said you thought she'd like a place in Sandford: and now she will scarcely say a kind word to me. I wish I was dead!"

They had reached the smoking-room as he said this; a spacious, room decorated in the latest fashion, with velvet lounges and easy-chairs sufficient to satisfy the soul of the most exacting sybarite.

The major shut the door after him, and faced the sullen-faced master of all this comfort and luxury.

"My dear Carr-Lyon," he said, eyeing him with a half smile that was rather sour, "it seems to me that you are rather unreasonable. You wish you were dead! Well, it's almost the only thing you've got to wish for, for Fortune has showered everything else on you! My dear fellow, what's the matter with you? Why, five months ago you were hanging about Boulogne with scarcely half a sou in your pocket, with as little chance of coming into the Carr-Lyon title and money as—I had. Then all of a sudden the old earl dies, and the same week the next two heirs are wrecked off the coast of Normandy, and the only man between you and the title is—is"—the major's voice faltered slightly—"is a certain Desmond Carr-Lyon ——"

The earl puffed at the cigar which he had lighted, and his face changed color.

"And he's dead. You swore it yourself, you know," he said.

"Certainly," assented the major smoothly. "The Desmond Carr-Lyon who stood between you and the title is dead! I swore to it, as you say; I swore that I saw him die out in Nevada, and that I helped to bury him."

"And he is dead?" said his lordship, glaring sideways on the major.

"Certainly; he is as dead as a herring. But just think, my dear fellow, how differently you would have been placed if—if this Desmond Carr-Lyon should happen to have lived! You wouldn't have been the earl, there would have been nothing of this"—and he waved his hand round the apartment comprehensively—"and you would still have been at Boulogne, trying to exist on thirty shillings a week. Now, really, I don't think you have anything to complain of—you have everything you want——"

"Excepting Kate," said his lordship sullenly.

"And you shall have her all in good time, my dear fellow," said the major, patting him on the back. "You put your trust in me, my dear boy! I know Kate, and how to manage her. Give her time and she'll come round like like anything. And now let us go over the rest of your house."

Somewhat cheered by the exordium, his lordship accompanied the major over the rest of the house.

"I like it better than that beastly Caresford," he said, referring to the ancestral home of the Carr-Lyons down in Berkshire. "It's grimy as a prison, and the beastly portraits on the walls seem to grin and gloat like ghosts. Look here, major, I'll make the place a perfect palace, if I spend half I'm worth on it. And you tell Kate that if there is anything she fancies, I'll have it done; I will, by Heaven! There is nothing I won't do for her! Let's go now; I'm sick of it this morning."

Much to the relief of the workmen, his lordship went through the hall towards the dog-cart, but as he was mounting, a man came and asked him something about the garden.

With an oath, his lordship took his foot off the step and followed him, calling to the major.

"It's the new shrubbery, my lord," said the gardener, as he led the way down the avenue. "I'd like to know whether you'll have it running to the east or west."

Cursing the shrubbery and the gardener, his lordship, followed by the major, went down the drive.

They were all three talking, when, looking up, the major saw a woman standing near the lodge.

"What a deuced good-looking woman, Carr-Lyon," he said, peering at her. "I wonder who she is?"

His lordship, whose back happened to be turned, swung round.

"Where?—who?" he asked impatiently; then, as he saw the woman, he shrank back a step and clutched the iron railing that ran along the drive.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BLIND.—One of the most intelligent inmates of a blind asylum who came into the world blind, says that he never dreams of the things he has read about, and never dreams of anything or persons with which he has not in some way come in personal contact. He dreams of music, of the voices of persons he knows, of such incidents as might happen at the home or some place in which he has actually been, but never of incidents in other places or in other lands. Even although he has read descriptions of localities, of natural beauties, of the appearance of a street or a city, no idea of what they look like comes to him in the fancies of his sleep. There is a class of blind people who become blind when young. Such people never dream of any scene or object what have remained in the memory from what they saw before they became blind.

Bric-a-Brac.

IN PERSIA.—As a rule, classes in Persia do not mingle in marriage, the sons of merchants wed merchants' daughters, the young tradesman mates with his like, and so do the members of the servants and soldier classes. But in Persia, as everywhere else, extraordinary personal attractions soon become known and have their advantage. The mother of the king's eldest, and the favorite son, was the daughter of a miller, who caught the shah's eye while washing clothes on the brookside.

OF GREAT VALUE.—Salt water lakes abound in Southern Africa, but a famous traveler relates that in the interior districts, where salt is exceedingly scarce, it was regarded as a great luxury. He tells that he frequently met little naked children sucking lumps of rock-salt like sugar-candy. To say of a man in that region that he eats salt for his dinner was to signify that he was a person of wealth and position. In Abyssinia, and no wonder, salt ranks as a precious metal, which it is; and there, as in other parts of interior Africa, is used as money is used in other countries—it is a medium of exchange. An eminent professor, indeed, on this ground, traces the verb "sell" itself to the root "salt."

THE MOLTING SPIDER.—When a spider is preparing to molt it stops eating for several days, and fastens itself by a short line of web to one of the main lines of its snares, which holds it firmly while it proceeds to undress. The skin cracks all round the thorax, and is held all around the front edge. Next the abdomen is uncovered. Now comes the struggle to free the legs; it works and kicks vigorously and seems to have very hard work. But continued per-out of its old dress; and it seems almost severance of about fifteen minutes brings it lifeless, and is limp and helpless for several minutes. But it gradually comes to life, and seems brighter and prettier than before.

WORD GAME.—A new game is played with letters turned face downwards in a small open space in the centre, called the pool; all receive an equal number of letters. The first player takes a letter from any part of the table, and if he can form a word he places it in front of him and draws again, if not, he says "pass," and puts the letter in the pool. Every word formed entitles to another draw. I, O, and A are classed as words. The next player takes a letter up, and if he can form a combination with that letter, his, neighbors words, or the letters in the pool, he makes it for himself, and draws again. Ten words form the game, which grows very exciting, as many of the players have word after word taken away from them when near the goal.

THE HINDOO STYLE.—The Hindoo agriculturist reaps with an iron blade six inches long, an inch wide, and curved like a sickle. He squats on his heels, cuts a handful, lays it down, and without rising off his heels, waddles forward an cuts another. In twelve days he cuts an acre, and receives five cents a day, boarding himself. When he wants to thrash his grain he drives a stake into the ground, spreads his grain around it, ties a rope to his bull's horns, and then to the stake, and drives it around and around till the straw is trampled very fine. This is given to the cattle after the wheat is separated. Foreigners have introduced thrashing machines, but the Hindoos will have none of them. They think the cattle would not eat the straw because it is broken instead of trampled flat.

WEARING HATS.—Throughout the mediæval times the wearing of a hat was regarded as a mark of rank and distinction. The caprices of fashion in hats during the reign of Queen Elizabeth may be understood from "Stubbs' Anatomie of Abuses," published about 1585:—"Sometimes they use them sharpe on the crowne, pearking up like a spire or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads; some more, some lesse, as please the fantasies of their inconstant mindes. Another sort have round, sometimes with one kind of bande, sometimes with another; now black, now white, now russe, now redde, now greene, now yellow; now this; now that; never content with one colour or fashion two daies to an end." During the reign of Charles I. the Puritans affected a steeple crown and broad-brimmed hat, while the Cavaliers adopted a lower crown and a broader brim ornamented with feathers. Still greater breadth of brim and a greather breadth of brim were fashionable characteristics of the hats in the time of Charles II., and the gradual expansion of brim led to the device of looping or tying up that portion.

THE PROTEST.

BY E. E.

You do not love me now!
But one thing ask I thee,
Let me be free, as once I was,
To roam o'er land and sea.

You do not love me now!
'Twere fruitless to complain;
But give me what I had of old,
My peaceful heart again.

You do not love me now!
That's past, oh, let it be;
But what I've lost, youth's fearless faith,
Restore once more to me.

And so my restless heart
Would break this cruel chain,
Which binds its throbbing, soaring life,
To mortal love and pain.

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE prince bowed, his face white as death, his lips quivering.

"That is sufficient," he said. His eyes turned to Margaret. "Madam, will you forgive me? It was for your sake——" he stopped.

With a sob, Margaret put out her hand to him.

He took it, bent over it as if to kiss it, then, as if he could not trust his forced composure another moment, he let it fall and strode away.

Two minutes afterwards Blair and Margaret and Lottie were left alone.

What pen could describe the joy which fell upon those two hearts so long parted by worse than death, but now re-united! Mine shall not attempt it.

For a time they stood, her head resting upon his breast, his arm holding her tightly as if he feared that the next moment he might lose her again.

For a time they could only speak in broken passionate murmurs, and it was not until Lottie timidly drew near them that Blair led Margaret to a fallen tree and implored her to tell him how it came to pass that she, whom he had mourned as dead, was now again in his arms.

For an hour they sat, while with many breaks and much faltering she told the strange story, he listening the while in an amazement that almost overwhelmed his joy.

He forgot Lottie, forgot that the city had awakened into its daily life, and above all, he forgot that another woman claimed to be his wife; that, at no great distance, Violet Graham was awaiting him!

It came upon him suddenly, so suddenly that he almost sprang to his feet with a cry of terror and agony.

"Oh, Blair, be calm!" said Margaret, clinging to him, for she thought that he had suddenly realized who it was that had wrecked their lives, though she had cautiously and carefully refrained from mentioning Austin Ambrose. "Be calm, dearest! All our trouble is over now! Let him go! What does it matter? Promise me, Blair, my love, my husband!"

He groaned, then started.

"Let him go! Him! Who?"

His wildness frightened her, and she would have soothed him and put the question by, but Lottie was within hearing, and it was too much for her.

"Who? Why, Austin Ambrose!" she exclaimed.

"Hush, hush!" said Margaret warningly, and she held up her hand haughtily, for, much as Lottie had done to restore her to happiness, she could not endure the sight of her or the sound of her voice.

"Hush!" exclaimed Lottie, half indignantly. "What! are you going to let him go on trusting that wolf in sheep's clothing any longer? Why, it's past reason! Give him a loophole, and he'll ruin everything yet! I know him and you don't, no, neither of you, and Blair—I mean Lord Ferrers—least of all. Why, my lord, you two would never have been parted but for Austin Ambrose!"

"Austin! Austin!" echoed Blair.

Then Lottie poured out the story of her villainy and her weakness. Out it came, despite Margaret's commands and entreaties, and, like a lava torrent, it seared Blair's heart.

White and speechless he listened until, almost breathless, Lottie cried in conclusion—

"And he is down at the palace still, and he'll ruin everything yet if you don't crush him! Oh! I know what he is! He is there with her——"

"Her! Who?" asked Margaret, bewildered.

Lottie stopped short and looked aghast. She had forgotten Violet Graham, the woman who stood before the world as the Countess of Ferrers, as Blair's lawful wife.

Blair held up his hand.

"Not a word more!" he said. "Go now, Lottie. I—I will send for you, or see you later."

Lottie hung her head and left them, and for a few minutes Blair sat silent, feeling as if some fiend had dashed the cup of joy from his lips again.

How was he to tell this lovely angel whose image had never left his heart's throne, this lovable woman who clung to him as if to sever from him would be death to her, how could he tell her that, thinking her dead, he had taken another woman as his wife!

He could not then, at that supreme moment, at any rate.

He rose with his arm round her.

"Dearest," he said in a whisper. "You must go home—to your own home for the present——"

Margaret started and looked at him, then her face went white, but she said nothing, not one word.

"For the present," he repeated, almost beside himself. "In an hour or two I will come to you. Tell me where?"

She told him falteringly, yet calmly.

"You can trust me! Surely you can trust me! Ah, if you knew what it costs me to part with you for a single second! But it must be—it must be!" he groaned. "Believe in me, trust me, dearest Margaret, my wife, for a few short hours longer! You will!"

She looked up at him for a second with a deep earnestness, then she laid her head upon his heart and he kissed her.

With a consideration and delicacy peculiarly Italian, the prince had left his carriage, and Blair led her to it.

He stood and watched it as it drove away, with all that he cared for in life, with the treasure so marvellously restored to him, then he turned towards the city.

He seemed to be walking in a dream. What was this task that lay before him? He was to go to Violet Graham and say:

"You are no longer my wife—you never have been my wife! Begone!"

It was true he owed her no pity, for she had gained her ends by an unscrupulous alliance with the traitor who had marred and ruined so large a portion of his life; but still—still—it was from love of him that she had sinned!

And now to go to her and tell her that Nemesis had fallen upon her, and that henceforth she must go before the world a thing for scorn to mock at.

With Austin Ambrose, Blair knew how to deal; there would be no hesitation there. Two or three short words, followed by one blow. But Violet——!

Slowly he made his way to the palace. Servants were running to and fro in the vast hall, the sounds of life were filling the air which a short time back was so still and quiet.

He entered the hall and mounted the stair with dragging step.

In the corridor his valet stood aside to let him pass, and regarded his pale face with covert curiosity.

"Is—is her ladyship down yet?" asked Blair.

"No, my lord; it is not her ladyship's time for rising yet."

Blair glanced at the clock.

"No, no," he said.

Then his face darkened.

"Will you go to Mr. Ambrose's room and send him to me?" he said.

"Mr. Ambrose has gone into the city, and has not returned yet, my lord," said the man. "I thought your lordship knew——"

"Wait in the hall until he returns, and ask him to come to me," said Blair.

He passed on and entered Violet's boudoir. His note lay on the table where she had left it, and he tore it in pieces and dropped it on the fire. Then he paced to and fro, stopping to listen now and again.

All was still in Violet's room, and he began to ask himself the question if it was necessary for him to see her.

Could he not write and tell her all that he had discovered; could he not break it to her in some way?

Why should he not leave the place with Margaret alone, within an hour or two, and see Violet no more?

But his spirit rebelled against the suggestion. It seemed unmanly and unworthy. No, he would go through with his task to the bitter end.

First Violet, then the other conspirator, Austin Ambrose. Still he waited. The hands of the clock toiled round the dial, and chimed the hour.

With a start he nerved himself and knocked at the door. No response followed, and he knocked again and again, more loudly. Then he opened the door and entered.

The next instant he staggered back with a cry of horror.

Stretched upon the bed was the woman he had made his wife, and lying at her feet was the man who had been at once her dupe and her master.

As Blair bent over to raise her, he fell back shuddering, for he saw that she was dead! At the same instant the white hand of the man lying at her feet dropped lifelessly and slid away. Blair, who had been about to strike him, saw a small phial lying at his feet.

Small as it was, it had contained sufficient poison for Austin Ambrose. It was the phial he had carried in his breast for months past, for which he had felt that night when he thought that Blair had discovered his villainy.

It was for this that he had plotted and schemed with a heartless ruthlessness which an Iago might have envied.

To find the woman he had loved and entrapped snatched by Death from his grasp in the very hour of his triumph, and to finish his career—a Suicide.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ABOUT twelve months after what the newspapers called "The Mystery in High Life at Naples," on a very bright day in June, the Earl of Ferrers and Margaret, his wife, were standing at the open window of the drawing-room at Leyton Court.

This window commands the best view of the drive, and it seemed by the intentness with which the two pairs of eyes watched it that they were expecting someone.

Leyton Court always looks at its best in June, and it has never looked better than it did this year, for the earl had spent a great deal of money on the place; "a small fortune," as it was said.

A new wing had been built; the old part of the house redecorated; but above all and beyond all, an addition had been made to the picture gallery, which raised it to the first rank in England.

This had been done "to pleasure" Margaret, the countess, whom the world rightly regarded as one of its best and noblest artists.

This same world, too, had gone slightly mad over the countess, and would have been delighted to make her the sensation of the season.

For, consider! she was not only the wife of a wealthy earl, not only the mistress of Leyton Court, but the heroine of as romantic a history as the modern world knows about.

Even now people did not know the full particulars, did not know more than that the countess was supposed to have died, and that the earl had, in all innocence, married Violet Graham; and that Violet Graham had died of heart disease at Naples, and that Austin Ambrose had poisoned himself—for love of her.

All this the world knew, but it was still ignorant of the details, of the diabolical plot which Austin Ambrose had weaved, and so nearly successfully.

But it knew enough to make Margaret a "sensation," and it was quite prepared to meet her in salons and ball-rooms, and point at her in the park, and fight for introductions to her, and intrigue to get her to its concerts and dinner-parties.

But Margaret had declined to be made a sensation of. Immediately after the tragedy at the palace in Naples, both she and Blair disappeared, not together, as the world hinted, but separately; and it was only through the appearance of her pictures in the various European galleries that people were made aware of her existence.

For months Margaret lived in a seclusion as impenetrable as that of a Trappist, and it was not until Blair had fallen ill and sent for her that she had gone to him.

Then the rumor went round that Leyton Court was being done up, and that the earl and countess were going to live there just like an ordinary couple who had not been the hero and heroine of romance.

"I hope they won't be late," said Blair, looking at his watch and then staring down the drive.

"The trains are always late—unless you want to catch them, then they are fatally punctual!" said Margaret. "I feel as if I were growing old waiting for them!"

He turned and looked at her with that smile of combined devotion and admiration which the man wears who is husband and lover.

"You don't look very old, Madge," he said. "In my eyes you seem younger than when I saw you first. What is it you use? Some magical cosmetic, eh?"

"I don't generally tell my toilet secrets, but I will just this once. It is a capital preparation, Blair, and, but that you look so ridiculously boyish yourself, I'd recommend you to use it. It is 'Cosmetique de Felicite'——"

"Which, translated, means——? You know that I don't know two words of French."

"Which, translated, means 'Cosmetic of Happiness,' you ignorant young man!" and she stole a little closer and looked up at him invitingly.

He put his arm round her and kissed her, and of course she pretended to be indignant.

"Right before the window, and those people likely to come at any moment, sir!" she exclaimed.

"I wish they would come," he said. "I hate waiting for people. Let us go out and meet them!"

"Very well!" she responded, and dashed off for her hat.

In two minutes they were walking down the avenue side by side, and they had not got very far before the Court carriage came bowling up the smooth road.

"There they are, Blair! Hold up your hand or they'll pass us! Florence! Florence!"

At the sound of her musical voice a girlish head appeared at the carriage window, and a girlish voice shouted an eager greeting.

The coachman, looking rather scandalized at this want of ceremony, pulled up, and Prince Rivani and the Princess Florence sprang out.

The two men shook hands warmly, each looking into the other's face with that frank, steady glance which denotes staunch friendship; and the two girls embrace, and laugh, and almost cry in a breath.

"Oh, you dear creature!" exclaimed the princess. "Isn't this just like you to come to meet us? And we thought it was only a young couple love-making as they strolled along, for you had got hold of each other's hand, just like two sweethearts; did you know that?"

Margaret blushed.

"We are two sweethearts," she whispered almost piteously.

Then she turned to the prince, who was waiting for his share of the greeting.

The prince looked older than when we saw him last, but as he took Margaret's hand in his and pressed it warmly, he was able to meet her clear blue eyes without a touch of embarrassment or reserve.

Good blood has many advantages over the ignoble sort, and not the least is the power to conquer self.

In the twelve months that had passed since he stood opposite Blair, and tried to take his life, Prince Rivani had fought a sterner fight even than that memorable one at Naples; he fought with a passion which had threatened to absorb his life, and he had conquered so completely that he could return the gentle pressure of Margaret's hand with one of brotherly affection.

"If I cannot have her for lover and wife," he had sworn to himself, "at least I will have her for friend!"

It was a noble and unselfish vow, and he had fought for strength until he had accomplished it.

"And now, when you can tear yourselves apart you two," said Blair, with a smile, addressing the two ladies, who displayed a great disposition to linger under the trees, and talk for the remainder of their lives; "perhaps we'd better go to the house."

"And what a lovely place it is!" the princess exclaimed. "I always thought the Villa Capri the most beautiful house in the world, but it is a hovel compared to this! Oh, how happy you must be, dear!" she added in a whisper.

"Yes," said Margaret, with her quiet smile; "yes, I am very fond of the Court, but I think I am happy because I am the wife of its master!"

Florence glanced at Blair as he strode along beside the prince in earnest conversation.

"What a splendid fellow he is dear," she said, in a low voice, not altogether free from awe. "Do you know, if I weren't so fond of him—you aren't jealous?—I think I should be a little afraid of him. The stories we are always hearing about him since we came to England! It is always how Lord Blair—they always call him Blair—rode in such and such a race, and how he swam such and such a river, and fought such a man, and how lovely and famous the Countess of Ferrers had become! Why, when some people heard we were coming to stay with you they looked at us as if we were going down to Windsor Castle!"

Margaret laughed with all her old light-heartedness.

"You always were a terrible flatterer, Florence!" she said.

"Now, that's a shame, for it prevents me saying what I was going to remark; but I'll say it all the same. Margaret, do you know that I should scarcely have known either of you?"

"Really? We have both grown so grey!"

"You have both grown so ridiculously young!" retorted the princess emphatically. "I don't mean that you ever looked old, that's absurd, of course; but you were so grave and quiet and sad. Don't you remember the first day I saw you I said you reminded me of mamma? That you were so—so—what is the word you English are so fond of?—so sober! That's all! And now you speak and laugh like a young girl again!"

And Margaret answered her almost as she had answered Blair.

"Do I, dear? It must be because I am so happy!"

And indeed it was a very happy little party in the small dining room that night.

Blair was like the old Blair, full of stories of his wild youth, ready with the old light laughter; just the same Blair who used to win the hearts of old and young in the time before Austin Ambrose had commenced to set his snares.

They were so merry in a wise fashion, so lighthearted, that they had forgotten the past entirely; and it was not until the two ladies had left the room—the princess beseeching the two gentlemen not to leave them alone in the drawing-room too long, in case they should quarrel—that Blair grew suddenly quiet.

"I can't tell you how I have looked forward to this visit, Rivani," he said. "I have been looking forward to it since that day in Florence when we shook hands at parting, and you promised to come and stay with us."

"I am very glad to come," said the prince, with sincere earnestness. "Glad—dee still to see you so well—and the countess."

"You think she looks well?" said Blair, his face lighting up at once.

"She looks the picture of youth, health and happiness," said the prince quietly, "and more beautiful—you will pardon me?—than ever in my eyes."

"And in mine, old fellow!" said Blair, holding out his hand.

There was silence after that significant meeting of the palms, then Blair said:

"Any news?"

The prince was silent a moment.

"No, not much," he answered, after a pause. "All you wished done I have carried out."

He referred to two graves in the cemetery at Naples which he had undertaken to keep in order—two graves covered with huge slabs of black marble, one bearing the initials "A. A." and the other "V. G."

Blair nodded, and his face grew cloudy for a moment.

"And Lottie?"

"Lottie doesn't need your generous assistance any longer," said the prince, with a smile. "She is now one of the most famous young ladies in Italy. I forgot to send you the paper containing the account of her great success in the new spectacular play"—he had not forgotten, but had remembered with some consideration that the paper would only recall the past and its old bitterness!—she took them by storm, I as-

sure you, and for weeks our volatile people were raving about her; for that matter they are raving still," and he laughed.

Blair smiled, but his face was still clouded, and the prince laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Blair, forgive me, but I think the time has now come when the past may be allowed to bury its dead. That it may do so the more completely I want you and Lady Ferrers to assist me in a short ceremony."

Blair looked at him inquiringly.

"Will you ask her ladyship if she will kindly show me round her studio?" said the prince gravely. "She knows how devoted I am to the art of which she is so great a mistress!"

"Certainly," said Blair rising, and still puzzled.

They went into the drawing-room where Margaret and the princess were sitting very close together, and Blair whispered a few words to Margaret.

She got up directly and drew the princess's arm through her own.

"Follow me," she said; and she led them to the magnificent studio which Blair had built for her.

Here, amongst costly pictures and rare statues gleaming in the reflected light of antique curtains of deep reds and blues of oriental dyes, she showed them her latest work.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the prince. "Beautiful! Ah! if Alfero could but be here! Do you know what he said when I told him that I was coming to see you?"

"No," said Margaret; "but everything that was kind and thoughtful, I am sure," she added.

"He told me to convey his devotion to you, and say that he looked forward to the hour when he should be able to kiss your hand; then he sighed and added, 'and tell her not to forget that she is an artist as well as a great English lady. Anybody can be a countess, but Heaven only sends us such a painter as she is at long intervals. Tell her to put the paint brush and the palette first and her coronet afterwards!'"

"That was like him!" said Margaret softly. "How much I owe him! You shall take my answer back, prince. But, see; do you think I have been idle?" and she looked modestly at the pictures on the wall and on the easel.

"No," he said. "No," then he was silent a minute; "but there is one thing I wish you would do—it is for yourself. I want you to alter a picture of yours I have got."

"Really!" she cried eagerly. "Of course I will!"

"Thanks!" he said very gravely. "I knew you would not refuse me. I will go and fetch it, for I have brought it with me."

He left the room, and the other three waited expectantly.

While he was gone, Margaret took up her palette and brush, and absently began mixing some colors.

He re-entered the room presently with a canvas-enclosed case, and, unlocking it, placed upon the easel the famous picture of the Long Rock.

Blair uttered an exclamation, but Margaret stood and regarded it in silence, though her face was pale.

"I want you to alter this for me," said the prince gravely and gently. "Can you not guess now?"

She looked up at him inquiringly, then, reading his meaning in his eyes, she took up a large brush, filled it with black paint, and in another minute the picture had disappeared!

Florence uttered an exclamation of dismay, but the prince inclined his head, and as Margaret turned and hid her face on Blair's breast, he said:

"That is what I wanted. Now, in deed and in truth, my friends, we may say that the past is blotted out; not even the shadow of it can mar the happiness of your future; a future made bright with a love that has been tried in the furnace and found not wanting."

And this is the reason why Lady Ferrers' great masterpiece, which set all Italy talking and made her famous, can never be found, and some art critics are beginning to doubt whether, after all, it could have been so good as Signor Alfero and others declared it to have been: and whether some of her later pictures, which deal with the bright side of nature, may not be far better than the mysterious work which has disappeared so strangely.

[THE END.]

FASHION NOTE.—Engagement rings are as popular as ever. Sometimes they are set with diamonds, and sometimes they are set on the snowy finger with a kiss. They are generally warranted to wear a long time, but some young ladies wear out as many as six different rings in one season. Gentlemen, however, with care, can use the same ring through several seasons. It is advisable to have a hole bored in the centre to put the finger through.

HAIRPINS.—Wherever you see cigar-ashes lying you may know that a man has been round. Whenever you perceive a hairpin on the floor, you infer that a woman has been near. It is as easy to trace a man by his cigar-ashes as a woman by her hairpins. No one has ever yet been able to understand why a man with a rightly balanced intellect should prefer dropping his ashes on the carpet, excepting on the fallacious theory that they improve that fabric: and no one has ever penetrated the mystery why a woman should perpetually shed hairpins, all unconscious of the loss her tresses have sustained. There is one pleasing fact, however, connected with hairpins which has never been given to the world in general. It is this: When a youth fails to obtain from the girl he loves the slightest pledge of her esteem he generally picks up and cherishes a stray hairpin which he has seen falling from her locks. Hence the phrase expressive of loyalty to the loved one, "That's the sort of hairpin I am!"

The Ivydene Scandal

BY G. T. E.

HAVE you heard? Grace Osborne has run away from her husband?"

"What!" I cried, incredulously, yet full of dismay. "Grace?"

"Yes, my dear Miss Templeton, I have been so anxious for those stupid people to go, that I might tell you. I fancied you did not know."

Certainly I did not. I sat dismayed, appalled at the news, which I could not as yet believe.

My informant was one of those persons whose whole time seems devoted to prying into other persons' affairs, and retailing what they see to the world.

She had dropped in to my five-o'clock tea, and I am sure had sat on thorns lest two not very interesting gossipy guests present before her should have had the intelligence also and communicated it first.

Why she had not spoken it out herself I cannot tell, unless it was that she knew I very much liked Grace; or that, having but the barest particulars at present, she feared starting others upon the prying track she desired herself alone to follow.

It is wonderful the importance people seem to feel they derive from spreading scandal.

"How do you know Grace Osborne has done this, Mrs. Burleigh?" I asked.

"One of the maids at Ivydene told my maid not an hour ago," she replied. "This morning Mrs. Osborne went out before breakfast, which was next waiting for her ever so long, but she never came back. Then her maid found a letter in her dressing-room addressed to her husband, which, when he read, made him turn as red as scarlet, and as dark as a thunder-cloud.

"Then he ordered the breakfast to be taken away; and when the cook asked about dinner, said none would be required; Mrs. Osborne had gone and was not coming back."

That was all my informant knew, and having pecked and hovered over, and pulled it into very shreds, at last, much to my relief, fluttered off to spread the news elsewhere, leaving me alone.

Grace Osborne left her husband to whom she had not been quite a year married!

I could not credit it; she so good, so pretty, and so—almost severely truthful.

"Of what could she have been dreaming?" I exclaimed to myself. "A penniless orphan nearly, with so sad a past, how could she have even conceived her lot would have fallen into such pleasant places as the becoming mistress of Ivydene, and the wife of so fine and handsome a man, so devoted a lover, as Harry Osborne! She had drawn a prize, and thus forfeited it. Oh! it is all nonsense!" I cried, rising from my seat. "They may have had a little tiff, but Grace run away from—left her husband—it isn't true."

I had approached the window while speaking this soliloquy, and now saw my brother Ralph advancing across the lawn. He had, I was aware, just returned from the town; so, stepping out of the open glass doors, I went to meet him, saying:

"Ralph, have you heard the news?"

He lifted his face, and it was marked by deep seriousness.

"Do you mean about Grace Osborne, Effie?" he asked.

"Yes," I gasped. "It is, then, true?"

"That she has left her husband? I fear so—that is—I mean—I know so!"

"How?" I inquired.

"I met Osborne himself," proceeded Ralph; "we were on horseback—I did not observe the strange look upon his face, and, as usual, asked after Mrs. Osborne."

"'She was very well when I last saw her,' he replied, curtly.

"'Will you give her this message respecting the new orchid I told her I would inquire about?' I began, when he stopped me, saying, hoarsely:

"'Pardon me, it may be a very long time before I see Mrs. Osborne. You may see her first, in which case you can deliver your own message, and, if you will, this from me—"That I have gone to the Riviera;" she will understand.'

"'Good Heaven, Osborne!' I exclaimed, noticing his expression for the first time. 'What has happened? There's nothing wrong, is there?'"

"'Wrong!' his lips gripped like a vice. 'Grace left Ivydene and me this morning; and I am going abroad.'

Before I could speak further in my amaze, he had shaken my hand from the bridle, and dashed on.

A hundred yards down the road I met old Colonel Stimpson; he was full of it.

Then it was true. How heavy my heart felt! Had Grace been one of my own relations I could not have been more deeply grieved. Such conduct was so unlike her nature.

In that everyone was not of my opinion. The little society of Underhurst declared that she was far too impulsive to be stable.

It was quite evident that she had never loved Harry Osborne, but had wedded him for position; and now, finding wealth not everything, had gone off with someone she really cared for.

I lost my temper at such a belief, declaring that I—Grace's particular friend—knew her better than they all did. Because she had quitted her husband's roof, that was no reason she had gone with somebody else.

But rumor or facts soon showed them that they were right—I wrong.

The very evening before Grace's flight she had been seen talking in the shadow of the garden trees to a man, young, good looking, with a dark moustache. He had been heard by the spy to say:

"Grace, dear, do nothing rash: think of what you give up!"

To which she had replied:

"I will keep my word; nothing shall turn me from it, nothing. What I promised I will fulfil. It is best. Be ready to-morrow, and I will meet you and go with you."

She had kept her word and gone.

Ivydene was shut up; the old servant in charge knew that Harry Osborne was on the Continent—that was all. Of Grace we heard nothing.

A fortnight after I went with Ralph to Biarritz. We had been there about a week when, walking on the sands, which were particularly crowded, who should I see coming towards me but Grace.

My heart felt to leap to my throat. She looked the same, save that I fancied she was paler, and her expression pensive and sad.

She was alone. A moment I hesitated, then I resolved to speak to her. I would have the mystery cleared up.

If she were indeed an unfaithful wife, I would know it.

Scarcely, however, had I made two steps forward, which was not easy, for the many people, than I perceived a tall, handsome man, with a black moustache, approach her.

The sadness in her face was banished by a bright smile; he drew her hand familiarly on to his arm, and they came on, laughing and talking.

Did I need further proof? No. I turned away, pained—disgusted.

As I did so my eyes and Grace's met. She started; I thought her color changed. Was it with surprise or shame?

Then she quickened her step, as if to overtake me; but, with one cold, indignant glance at her, I turned and hurried away.

Two minutes after I met Ralph.

'Ralph," I said, "we both find Biarritz too crowded to be agreeable; let us go to Cannes—to-day."

"To-day!" he ejaculated, in amaze.

"Yes," I replied, "Grace is here—with—the man."

"Grace!"

I saw him start and wince. Poor fellow! I knew his secret, though he had never confessed it. He loved her.

"Yes, if that's so," he agreed, "we had better leave."

We were not sorry, for we were very badly accommodated at our hotel, where we only paid by the day, hoping for something better to occur.

So we made our arrangements, saw about the trains, effected what purchases we desired, and returned to have dinner before we took our departure.

I was in a feverish state of excitement to get off. I feared meeting Grace, for I now felt furious against her.

On reaching the hotel the waiter said a lady had called, and left her card.

It was Grace's. Mrs. H. Osborne. The audacity.

On the back was written in German:

"Pray let me see you. Do not judge, Ann, until you have heard all. I cannot write it. At 8 I will call again. If you are engaged, appoint some time to-morrow for me to see you when your brother is absent. People may blame, but I hold myself justified."

"Audacity indeed!" I thought tearing the card in fragments. "A woman can have no excuse to leave her husband for another's love."

By 8 we were on our way to Cannes.

A year passed; Ivydene remained still shut up. Harry Osborne had never been back to it, and a rumor was afloat that it was going to be let or sold.

The August flitting arrived, and Ralph and I carried out a long-desired wish—namely, to visit Switzerland.

We were delighted with everything—the beauty of the Val d'Aosta; the savage grandeur of the Allee Blanche; the magnificence of the many views of Mont Blanc, the monarch of mountains; and one evening we reached Chamouni by the Col de Balme route.

Here we lost the soft beauties, the wild grandeur to which we had been accustomed, and found ourselves amid fashion and civilization. A few mean cottages surrounded huge hotels, where one might see Parisian toilettes and the London newspapers.

The hotels were pretty full, but in the one we entered there was an unusual excitement both indoors and out. It was soon explained.

The morning previously a party of Englishmen had attempted the ascent—there had been an accident—one of the party had slipped down a crevasse, and would have certainly lost his life but for the promptitude and daring self-risk of another Englishman.

The unfortunate man was much hurt, and at present the doctor would pronounce no decided opinion of the case.

I had gone to the room allotted me when Ralph knocked at my door. On opening it, I saw by his face something was the matter.

"Ann," he said, "I have found out who is the injured man—Harry Osborne."

"Good gracious, no!" I exclaimed.

"Yes—he has no friend here but the man who has saved his life. I have sent him our names, and he wishes to see us. Come."

Much agitated, I went. And was this to be the sad, sad end of the Ivydene scandal?

Harry Osborne lay partly supported by pillows—one arm was broken. His hard, painful breathing made internal injury feared. He smiled faintly to welcome us.

But I could scarcely look at him, my eyes being attracted to the man who had saved his life, and who now stood by the window. It was the man I had seen with Grace.

Harry Osborne expressed his gladness at our being there, and prayed us not to quit Chamouni yet.

"Don't leave me alone," he said, "but—my wife, I trust, will soon be here. Did you not say she would, Hubert?" he inquired, turning to the stranger.

"I am certain of it," was the answer. "I have sent a telegram—I expect her every minute."

Whatever did it all mean? I looked from one to the other—when there was a bustle outside the door—it opened, and Grace ran in.

"Harry, where are you?—my husband—my love!" she cried, going past without seeing us—and the next moment she was kneeling by him, weeping passionately, and covering his hand with kisses.

Ralph touched my arm and we withdrew the man 'Hubert' following.

What did it mean?

An hour later Grace was seated in my room, and I was hearing all.

It appeared—as I knew—that Grace's family had been ruined, and her mother brought to an early grave by her father's fatal passion for gambling.

The scenes and misery Grace had witnessed in her youth had caused her to take a sacred vow that she would never marry a man who liked play.

Hence, before consenting to become Harry Osborne's wife she had asked him concerning the matter.

He had replied, he had played a little when younger; but did not care if he never touched a card again. Having easily, therefore, extracted a promise from him never to gamble, she wedded him.

A little while before she quitted Ivydene she had discovered that not only had he been an inveterate player, but that during his visit to London on business he had played night after night for heavy stakes at his club.

"My horror was extreme," proceeded Grace; "not only had he broken his word, but I saw misery in the future if he could not be cured. I loved him—I believed he loved me. I sent for my step-cousin, Hubert, from Paris, my only friend, and bade him take me to his mother, residing near Biarritz. I started, leaving a letter for Harry, telling him that I had discovered the truth, and that I would never return to him until he had promised he never would again gamble, and, to prove his self-control, had passed one year without touching a card."

"And——" I queried, as she paused.

"He tells me," smiled Grace, through her tears, "he was at first furious, determined to let me go, and started for Monte Carlo, with the resolve to play until he ruined himself, then take his life. But his better nature, his love for me, returned before he reached there. He knew he had deceived me, and he made a vow to make reparation and to show me I might trust him against temptation. The whole year he has passed at such places as Baden and Monte Carlo, frequently the gambling *salons*, watching the play until he was sick of it; but never playing—no, not once—himself."

"And now?" I said.

"Now," cried Grace, with a lovely, happy smile, "we are re-united, never—never to part."

From that hour she took her place by the bedside of the husband whom she had saved from the fierce demon—play; and from that hour Harry Osborne began to recover.

News was sent for Ivydene to be prepared for the home-coming of its master and mistress, and Ralph and I returned with them.

All Underhurst was astonished and puzzled, but far more so when there speedily followed, as guests at Ivydene, a very handsome old lady and her son, the latter being recognized as the "stranger" with whom Grace had been seen beneath the trees, and who was received far more warmly by Harry Osborne than even by his wife.

Hubert Lavoiser was not as young as was thought, being over thirty. Mrs. Burleigh had a busy time of it to try to find out all particulars and heap up the scandal; but the Osbornes were special favorites, and curiosity faded on its being known Hubert was Grace's step-cousin; while when I became Mrs. Lavoiser the Ivydene scandal died out altogether.

Guest (in restaurant)—"I've no time to give you an order from the bill of fare. Bring me anything—bring me whatever you've got in one order, sir?" Waiter (deferentially)—"Everything we've got in one order, sir?" Guest—"Yes, that will do." Waiter (in loud, imperious voice)—"Clam chowder for one!"

CHANGE.

BY SUSANNA J.

In the wood is silence now;
Not a bird its voice can find,
Not a leaf on any bough
Rustles to the sighing wind;
Every tiny twig is bare,
Outlined in the frosty air.

It is well the woods forget
All the gladness they have known—
Pride of leafy coronet,
Scent of flow'rs and song-bird's tone.

Lonely hearts remember yet
Loving words and light that shone
But from one beloved brow.
In such hearts 'tis Winter now!

MOTHER HUBBARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

HULDAH got up and put on her hat, laughing and nodding her little head at him.

"Because I feel sure, you know—quite sure—that you will have one soon. Ah, I do! And why shouldn't it be? Mr. Tregeagle is exactly what you called him just now; and Miss Georgiana is nicer and sweeter a thousand times than almost any girl. It is all nonsense that they put in the novels—as if people never fell in love after they were boys and girls! So you will have a very nice uncle soon!"

With that Miss Brook kissed Floss—who had reappeared, looking very dismal in an immaculate pinafore and with brushed hair—and, leaving Floss's father so astonished that he had hardly presence of mind to show her to the gate, tripped back through the yellow cornfields to the Gables.

Mother Hubbard exhibited no symptoms of surprise when she saw Mr. Ryder on the grass beneath the sycamore.

Miss Milroy was just visible through the swing-gate leading into the tiny orchard.

She was listening to some occult opinions upon the general subject of fruit-growing from Mr. Tregeagle, for whose wisdom the brisk little lady had great respect, when her bright eyes made out her little companion, and she came through the swing-gate quickly.

Mr. Ryder had no time then to say a word—he could only take the hand which the girl held out to him; but he wrung it so hard that she almost cried out.

He looked sullen, moody, gloomy, and there was an expression in his black eyes which for a moment almost scared even Huldah.

Miss Milroy also noticed his darkened face. Had he been quarreling with dear Agatha? she asked him gaily.

Mr. Ryder did not like Miss Georgiana, shrewdly conscious perhaps that she did not like him, and he gave her only a very short indistinct answer, which might have meant almost anything.

When the little lady went into the house presently with Mr. Tregeagle, saying that she was sure she heard the luncheon-bell, Miss Brook asked him calmly almost the same question.

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Ryder? Do you know, you look positively savage! I hope you don't show such shocking temper to Agatha! Is she quite well?"

"She is all right."

The response was given with most unlover-like indifference.

"She sent a message to you. She wants you to come over to the Manor and spend a day or two with her if you can. My mother had one of her attacks yesterday, and will have to keep her room for a while, according to the doctor. Agatha finds it rather lonely, I suppose—or, at any rate, she says so. As for me"—with a doubtful, half-angry glance at the pretty careless face—"I am off to town to-night."

"To town? Really! Is that what you are looking so cross about? I should have thought you would be rather glad. You must have been dreadfully bored here, Mr. Ryder, I am sure. We are such stupid, humdrum people, don't you know? All but Agatha, of course! I mustn't talk treason to you, must I? I wonder she lets you run away from her—it is too bad! Shall you be long away?"

"I really cannot say—it is some business."

Judging from his face, it was not pleasant business.

"A few days, at any rate."

"I see."

Huldah nodded.

"I'll come to Agatha to-morrow—will you tell her? I can do just as I like now, you know. After all, it is rather nice to be an heiress."

"Nicer than being Mother Hubbard?" he asked suddenly, the question slipping out before he realized what he was saying.

He bit his lip angrily the moment he had spoken; he had never before alluded to those past days at "The Golden Fleece." But, to his surprise, the blue eyes met his own with the calmest expression imaginable.

"Very much nicer," she affirmed very promptly.

He grew bolder with his intense feeling of relief. Perhaps he had been wise in his inadvertence after all.

"You don't wear the brown cloak now, do you?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes!"

"And you don't dislike the name I gave you?"

"I love it!" she said softly.

Miss Milroy had reached the verandah, and she looked back over her shoulder at this juncture.

"Huldah, my dear, you are bringing Mr. Ryder in to lunch, I hope?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered; then, turning to Mr. Ryder—"Did you really take the trouble to come all this way in the sun to bring Agatha's message, Mr. Ryder? How devoted you are!"

"You know better than that!"

They were alone in the path now; and he seized and held her little hand, astonished in the midst of his hurry to find how desperately in earnest he was.

"I came for the reason that I always come for—to see you."

He bent his head until it touched her hair.

"Huldah, I must speak to you—you knew I must speak to you."

There was almost a sneer in his voice as he added, "You're not so innocent that you you don't know that! The sooner it is over the better. May I speak to you now?"

"Really, Mr. Ryder, what in the world can you be thinking about?"

With a swift movement she freed her hand and stepped back, looking up at him with eyes full of innocent wonder and perplexity.

"Are you by any chance mistaking me for Agatha?" she said, arching her brows. "Speak to me? Certainly you may not—now. There is Miss Milroy at the window looking at us. You had better come in and have some luncheon—don't you think so?"

"Confound it!" he said, with an angry glance towards the window. "Huldah, wait a few moments! Is it understood that I may speak to you when I come back?"

Miss Brook glanced up at him coquettishly over her shoulder.

"Perhaps!" she said, and was off without giving him the chance of speaking another word.

* * * * * *

"I know I'm shockingly bad company, Mr. Townsend," observed Miss Brook demurely; "but I was not aware that I could be so dreadfully depressing! Don't sigh so dolefully, please! It hurts my feelings! Besides, I don't pity you a bit!"

Huldah had been three days at the Manor; for Mrs. Corolys continued ill and was still confined to her room.

Mr. Ryder had not made his appearance, but Phil Townsend had.

He had nothing to do for a day or two, he had said, when he appeared bashfully a few hours before, just as the two young ladies were sitting at their luncheon, and so he thought he might as well run down.

Now the early dinner was over, and Huldah had sympathetically taken a solitary stroll in the rose-garden, and left Mr. Townsend and Miss Woodward to entertain each other.

Coming back after a lengthy saunter, laudably anxious to see if the other two had appreciated her consideration, she was very much astonished to meet Agatha hurrying out of the room in tears, she was sure, and to find Phil standing at the window with his back to the light. It was only after some minutes of solemn silence that she ventured to speak.

"No; I don't pity you the least bit!" she repeated.

Phil, who had been sighing most woefully, rubbed up his ruddy crop of curly hair, and swung round with an air of mingled ruefulness and indignation.

"I'm sure I don't know why you should, Miss Brook," he said stiffly.

"Don't you?"

Huldah, looking up at the broad-shouldered melancholy-faced young man, and laughed at him.

"I don't pity you a bit because you are making yourself miserable; and I am very angry at you because you are making Agatha so. Now you know!"

Phil did know—knew what she meant, and knew that she had found him out, which amazed him of course. He turned a vivid red.

"I am sure, Miss Brook, I didn't know you ——"

He stammered and broke off very hopelessly.

She laughed again, nodding her little blond head with a charming air of superiority.

"Of course I know! I know that you are fond of Agatha. I've known it ever since I first saw you together."

"Fond of her!" echoed poor Phil. "That doesn't half express it! You may say I adore her if you like. Who could help it? She's an angel, Miss Brook—by Jove she is!"

"That she isn't," responded Huldah very promptly. "And very glad of it you ought to be. How in the world could you marry an angel? She is the dearest and sweetest of girls."

She got up from her low chair, smiling, and put her little hand kindly upon his arm.

"Mr. Townsend, if you are good, I'll tell you something else. But come out into the garden, for fear she comes back. Mind, it is something very nice, and you will like to hear it. Let me put on my poor old cloak first, though. It is chilly!"

She put on the cloak which she had just taken off—the same shabby old brown cloak in which little Mother Hubbard had run away from "The Golden Fleece," drew the hood with its faded scarlet lining over her pretty head, and they went out together.

It was almost dark, but the full moon was rising, dispelling the soft dusk. Phil, all eagerness and impetuosity, broke the silence before they were a dozen paces away from the house.

"What is it that you have to tell me, Miss Brook?" he asked anxiously.

"Wait a moment. You must tell me something first. What had you been saying to make Agatha cry just now?"

She waited a moment; but no reply came. Mr. Townsend continued to stare before him with a flushed and frowning face.

"If you won't tell me, I won't tell you," declared Mother Hubbard very decisively.

"I had asked her to marry me," said the young man unwillingly, but vanquished by the threat. "I—I spoke out. I couldn't stand it any longer. What was the good of holding my tongue? She knew how I felt well enough; it couldn't do much harm to tell her."

"Although she is engaged to Mr. Ryder?" queried Huldah quietly.

"Hang Ryder!" cried Phil. "He—he's a scamp, that fellow it! Besides, she doesn't care a straw for him!"

"Doesn't she? Did she tell you so?"

"No. But do you think I can't see? She'd not look as she has done lately if she were engaged to me, I know."

"Wouldn't she listen to you?" asked Huldah gravely.

"No," groaned Phil, "she won't—she won't. She wasn't angry, as she might have been—she didn't bully me. She is engaged to her cousin, and he is fond of her—now could she break off even if she would? She would rather suffer herself than that any one else should. And then she began to cry, poor darling! She thinks he is fond of her, although I believe it's only the money he wants; she has given her word, and she thinks she is bound to marry him. She'll do it too! I shall never get her," he said, with a stamp of the foot and another groan.

"Won't you?" murmured Miss Brook, smiling under her hood.

Then she said quite gravely, "Mr. Townsend, I'll tell you now what I promised. Agatha loves you just as much as you do her."

"What?" cried Phil, suddenly coming to a stand-still, his face beaming. "Miss Brook, do you mean it?"

"I do. More than that, she shall promise to-night, if you will ask her, to be your wife."

"Who says so?" demanded Phil very abruptly.

He was quite dazed, and hardly believed his ears. He looked down perplexedly at the fair face framed in the puckered scarlet lining of the old cloak.

"I do," said Huldah coolly, nodding her head. "Oh, I meant it. I am going to sit in the summer-house there. Go now, and send word to Agatha that I'm there and want to speak to her most particularly. When you see her afterwards, you will hear what she has to say to you."

"I will."

Phil did not understand; but he believed, in spite of reason, as he looked at Huldah's earnest face and heard her earnest voice. He had never seen the womanly side of the little beauty before. He caught hold of her hand and squeezed it eagerly.

"You are awfully good, Miss Brook," he said gratefully, with almost boyish bashfulness. "You are fond of Agatha,—bless her!—I know; but upon my word I don't see why you should trouble to make things straight for me."

"Don't you?"

Her treacherous lips curved into a curious smile.

"Mr. Townsend, do you remember one night—never mind when or where—when you talked about me to Mr. James Ryder?"

Phil started and flushed, astonished beyond measure, but remembering perfectly, and plainly showing that he did.

"Because," Huldah went on quietly, her blue eyes fixed upon his face, "I listened, and I heard what you said. I made two resolutions then. One was that if ever I could do anything for you I would not fail to do it. That's all! Tell them to send Agatha now, please."

Phil bowed over the little hand with a new respect, and hurried away.

With a little shiver, Huldah drew the old brown cloak closer over her shining head and her white dress, and sat down quietly on the summer-house seat to wait for Agatha.

Almost immediately however she started up with a faint cry. A figure, a traveling-bag swinging in its hand, was crossing the level sweep of gravel towards the house. The moonlight was full upon it; but she would have recognized it without that. She shuddered; then drew up her head with a soft laugh.

"So," she said, "he has come back at last!"

CHAPTER XI.

JAMES RYDER had come back to the Manor a thousand times more perturbed, uneasy, and anxious than when he had gone away.

His affairs were desperate—he was in debt in all directions, and there was one bill in particular weighing upon him like an incubus.

He had come back resolved upon one thing—without any more delay he must marry his cousin or Huldah Brook. With a rich wife, one easily swayed or coaxed, he could make terms with his tormentors for a time at least.

He went on into the dining-room, meeting no one, and, sitting down, poured out and drank some wine.

Then he rang the bell, and asked the attending servant impatiently where the ladies were.

The mistress was still confined to her room, the man said, and Miss Woodward was with her, he believed. Yes, Miss Brook was still there; she was out somewhere in the grounds. Mr. Frank——

James Ryder did not wait to hear where his half-brother was or was not. He took up his hat again, and went out into the moonlight to look for Huldah.

She had given him leave to speak to her, and he would do so. What could her permission mean but that she would accept him? She was an artless child—she loved him, and had forgotten the ugly past. As he hurried along in the moonlight, looking out eagerly for her, he wished that past had never been.

True, she had only half as much money as Agatha; but, even pressed as he was, he would rather take her with fifteen thousand pounds than any other woman with thrice that sum.

His heart beat faster as he recognized the figure in the Mother Hubbard cloak seated in the shadow of the little dark summer-house where the moon's rays hardly penetrated.

It was odd that she should have put on that cloak to-night, he thought, as he advanced hastily.

He was so tormented with fierce anxiety, so driven and beset, and so earnest too, that he hardly knew what he said to her. He gave her no time to rise and greet him—he did not wait for an introductory word.

A while ago he would have scoffed at the notion that he would ever plead to a woman as he pleaded now.

He loved her—she knew he loved her; his engagement to Agatha was a mockery, a misery; he had never cared for his cousin it should be broken off. Had he not been tempted by her money, it would never have been.

He was so confident that in spite of his horrible anxiety he even dared to speak only of the past to her.

She had loved him then, in those old days at "The Golden Fleece," and surely, she loved him now, when he loved her as he had never dreamed of loving!

He paused, looking at her anxiously, and tried to seize the hand that clasped the cloak together under her chin. She rose swiftly, flinging his hand aside, and the hood fell from her head and showed him Agatha's face, very white in the moonlight, with eyes fixed upon him with bitter contempt and scorn.

He looked at her speechless, with a horrible sense of ruin, of being hopelessly lost and baffled; and she looked at him, a smile slowly curving her lips.

"You are a little mistaken, Mr. Ryder," she said; "you have uttered your pleadings, your protestations to the wrong person. I am glad that your mistake give me the opportunity of freeing you from your engagement to me. Good-night!"

Pretty gentle Agatha had never before displayed so much dignity. She would have swept away; but he stood before her and stopped her.

His rage, his sure knowledge that he was foiled, that he had lost the game, that nothing could prevent his ruin, got the better of all prudence.

"This is a plot," he cried savagely—"a vile plot between you to ruin me!"

"It is no plot, Mr. Ryder."

It was not Agatha who spoke, but Huldah, who stepped between them with sparkling defiant eyes.

"If you had waited a moment before your declaration, you would not have mistaken Agatha for me merely because she had put on my cloak; but even that would not have saved you, for she knows all that has occurred in the past and all that has taken place lately. I have told her, and she has believed me, although I never hoped to convict you as plainly as you have convicted yourself. Paying court to two girls at once for their money is very clever; but you have been a little too clever, you see."

She laughed a little laugh, the cadence of which maddened him, and looked up at Miss Woodward.

"Will you go in before me, Agatha? I have just a word or two more to say to Mr. Ryder. Be kind to somebody who is waiting for you, won't you?"

She kissed her, Agatha blushingly returning the kiss and gliding away. James Ryder stood leaning against the summer-house, scowling with downcast eyes, biting his under-lip savagely.

Huldah looked at him with a gleeful triumphant smile curling her red lips, and stooped and coolly picked up her cloak, which Agatha had let fall.

"I only want to tell you, Mr. Ryder," she said, with cool indifference, "that I thank you for falling so easily into the little trap I set for you. I really do! You have been most accommodating. I always meant to set it for you from the moment I knew you were Miss Woodward's lover, and that she didn't care for you, although I never expected to have fifteen thousand pounds and a prospect of more to bait it with. I meant to make Agatha break her engagement with you, for her sake as well as to punish you," she said, with kindling cheeks; "but that was only half of my plan. I should have felt that I had failed instead of succeeded had I not made you really fall in love with me; but I have done

that, as I vowed I would, and I am very glad."

She broke into a laugh, and turned to move away, glancing at him over her shoulder.

"Oh, I have made you sorry, James Ryder!"

The words, the mocking tone and laugh, roused him and kindled his rage anew as perhaps nothing else which she could have said would have done. He sprang after her, and caught her hand fiercely.

"And you think this is the end of it, do you?" he said savagely, the more savagely perhaps because he knew that she was right, and that he did love her. "Not so fast, Miss Brook! Do you think I'll let you ruin me at your pleasure and do nothing? By Heaven, I will not! What if I speak of the past? You promised to run away with me once—you were willing enough to let me make love to you then—what if that gets whispered about? A word will start it, but nothing will stop it. It strikes me you had best marry me after all, and put this confounded nonsense by, for I don't fancy, my little beauty, that if I choose to speak you will get any other man to have you, in spite of your money!"

He knew, in spite of his rage, that he was talking rubbish—but his threats were idle; but he was desperate, and he thought to frighten and thus subdue her.

She looked up with a shrug of her shoulders and laughed in his face.

"Sha'n't I?" she said.

"No—you know it—not even that fool Ackland, who is making himself such an idiot over you. You thought to hold him as a chance in reserve, I suppose—eh?"

"Take care!" she cried, in a very different tone. "Insult me again, Mr. Ryder, and you may chance to find that if I appeal to him he will at least protect me from that!"

"Perhaps you are engaged to him?" he answered savagely.

She wrenched away her hand from him and drew back a pace.

"Well," she said coolly, "and what if I am?"

She spoke the words in mere bravado; but he believed them; and there was a gleam of such cruel rage in his black eyes as he made a swift movement towards her that, high as her courage was, the girl was frightened, and, with an involuntary cry, she turned to run away.

She ran swiftly along a laurel-bordered walk; but she had not gone far before she stumbled blindly, and would have fallen had not some one coming in the opposite direction caught and held her.

"Miss Brook!" cried Caleb Ackland, astonished when he realised who it was that he held. Then he said, with a little smile, "What in the world were you up to, child?"

Getting in the moonlight a more distinct view of her face, which was white, agitated, and scared, he exclaimed—

"What is it, my darling? Are you hurt—frightened? What is it?"

"It's that horrid man!" cried Huldah vindictively, quite as much inclined to laugh as to cry.

She clutched his coat tightly with both hands, pleasantly conscious of the strong protecting arm around her, and no less pleasantly conscious of the word "darling."

"He has been making love to me, only it was Agatha, and she has broken off her engagement with him, as I always meant her to do; and I was just telling him that it served him right, and that I had done it all on purpose, because he deserved to be paid out—and so he does, and I'm glad I've done it—— Oh"—winding up this involved explanation with a little shriek—"here he is!"

Mr. Ryder, coming swiftly down the laurel-edged path, stopped dum-founded at the tableau before him.

Mr. Ackland only held Huldah a little closer and looked at him; but the look and gesture were quite enough.

James Ryder was not distinguished for bravery; he saw how entirely beaten and baffled he was, but he did his best to carry it off jauntily.

For his own safety he wisely considered it the only thing he could do.

"Really," he said, "I beg a thousand pardons! I had no idea that I should intrude upon so interesting a tableau. I congratulate you, Mr. Ackland! Had I known that the lady was engaged to you, I should not have done myself the honor to propose to her."

He raised his hat, bowed, turned upon his heel, and strode away. Huldah made no attempt to move away from the arm that embraced her.

Perhaps she felt that to do so in the circumstances might possibly appear ungrateful. Floss, standing at a little distance with thumb in mouth, and eyes wide open in amazement, surveyed the picture with a comprehensive precocity.

Mr. Ackland smiled, looking down into the fair blushing face.

Something in the trembling of the drooping eyelids, in the half-shy, half-saucy smile curving the lips, had made his heart beat violently, had made him forget his gray hairs.

"Pray did you tell Mr. Ryder that you were engaged to me, Miss Brook?"

"Oh, no!" cried Huldah, with a horrified gasp, and flushing scarlet from brow to chin. "He—he made me angry about you, horrid thing"—clenching her little hands viciously—"and asked whether I was; and I said 'Perhaps,' because I wanted to get rid of him so! I didn't mean to! I wouldn't have done such a thing for the world!" she concluded virtuously.

"But you didn't tell him you were not?"

"No," admitted Miss Brook demurely, her eyes fixed upon the gravel at her feet, "I didn't say I was not. Let me go, Mr. Ackland, please!"—as she became suddenly conscious of Floss's wondering gaze. "Good-night; and thank you very much!" She tried to get away, but did not succeed.

"Don't you think you might say good-night to me in a better fashion than that, considering that we are engaged, you know? Suppose you try."

"How?"

She raised her face with a pretty air of mingled bashfulness and audacity.

"Oh, I see! Well, if you like. I should not like any one else to kiss me, you know; but then I don't want any one else to love me!"

"My darling," he cried passionately, and clasped her little figure tightly, knowing that the lips which he kissed were those of no child—he had seen a woman's love, joy, devotion in her eyes too plainly to be mistaken.

Then in a moment she was clinging to him, with her face hidden, speaking quickly and eagerly.

"Was I very fast and horrid? Are you quite shocked at me? Ah, don't say, 'Yes' if you can help it! It is your fault, because all this time you have been cross, and wouldn't say you were fond of me, when I was so fond of you. And you don't deserve that I should be fond of you; and I wouldn't have been only I couldn't help it—for all this time I believe you have thought I was really flirting with that dreadful man, when all I meant was to punish him and make things nice for Agatha. You might have known that I wasn't such a wicked little simpleton as that; and so, if you haven't been comfortable, it served you right! But he is gone away now, and you understand; and you do think I'm nice again, don't you?"

They themselves could not have said how long they might have remained out there in the moonlight had not Floss suddenly given vent to her amazement in an outburst of sobs and tears.

She required soothing, which took a good deal of petting; but they went into the house presently, to find Phil broadly and Agatha shyly radiant, and to congratulate and be congratulated.

Then, with Floss trotting on before them quite consoled and lively, they set out to walk to the Gables and astonish Miss Georgiana.

It fell out however that Miss Georgiana first astonished them.

Crossing the grass towards the long wide-open drawing-room windows, they saw, standing side by side by the centre table under the chandelier, the figures of a trim little lady and a very tall and loose-jointed gentleman.

There was nothing in this, of course, although it was rather odd that they were talking so earnestly as to be quite deaf to the sound of approaching footsteps.

But suddenly something very amazing happened—Mr. Tregeagle stooped down and deliberately kissed Miss Milroy!

"Oh!" cried Floss, with wide-open eyes.

It seemed to Floss's small wits that half the world was suddenly stricken with an inexplicable passion for kissing the other half.

Miss Georgiana started, and turned round with a little scream. Her nephew broke into his hearty laugh and stepped through the window, keeping his arm fondly round his little sweetheart's waist.

"All right, aunt Georgy! If you are going to be obliging enough to give me an uncle, I won't be less generous, for I have brought you a niece."

"Nothing could have pleased me better," said Miss Georgiana presently, after there had been more congratulations, during which Mr. Tregeagle had first looked exceedingly awkward, and then uncommonly pleased, while she herself had whispered in Huldah's ear, with becoming blushes, that she hoped she did not think her a very great fool. "It is exactly what I have been wishing for, although, Huldah, you tiresome little thing, I don't know why you should have tried to throw dust in my eyes by flirting with that odious young Ryder, whom Agatha will throw over yet if she's a sensible girl!"

Miss Milroy looked at her nephew with his little love beside him and Floss clinging to her waist.

"She looks such a baby," she said affectionately—"such a little bit of a thing, that I declare, Caleb, I hardly know whether you have got a wife or another daughter. Pray, Mrs. Ackland, if I may ask the question, what does your daughter intend to call you? What are you going to call her, Floss, my pet?"

"Mother Hubbard," said Floss complacently.

[THE END.]

SUGAR AND SALT.—A good many people will be surprised to learn that sugar is an excellent agent for preserving meat, and possesses some advantage over salt. In fact salt absorbs a portion of the nutritive substances and the flavor of the meat. When an analysis is made of a solution of the salt dissolved by water contained in meat, we find albuminoid bodies, extractive substances, potassa, and phosphoric acid. Salt deprives meat of these substances so much the more readily in proportion as it enters the tissues more deeply or acts for a longer time.

It then results that the meat, when taken from the saline solution, has lost nutritive elements of genuine importance. Powdered sugar, on the contrary, being less soluble, produces less liquid. It forms around the meat a solid crust, which removes very little water from it, and does not alter its taste. It is stated that this treatment costs a little more than preservation by salt.

AT THE SAME TABLE.

A WORD but recently coined in the mint of Science, and hence rarely found even in new dictionaries and cyclopædias is compounded of two Greek words. It signifies the living together for mutual benefit of very dissimilar types of life. The term is symbiosis or commensalism, that is, a dining at the same table.

The phenomena are remarkable, and occur more widely throughout organic existence than they have hitherto been supposed.

We may roughly divide these cases of mutual support or co-operation into three classes—those of animals with animals; of plants with animals; and of plants with plants.

One of the earliest noticed instances of this clubbing together of creatures of very different species is that to which Herodotus refers as follows:

"As the crocodile lives chiefly in the river, it has the inside of its mouth constantly covered with leeches. Hence it happens that while all other birds and beasts avoid it, with the trochilus it lives at peace, since it owes much to that bird; for the crocodile when he leaves the water and comes out upon the land is in the habit of lying with its mouth wide open, facing the western breeze. At such times the trochilus goes into his mouth and devours the leeches. This benefits the crocodile, who is pleased, and takes care not to hurt the trochilus."

But, a range to say, the crocodile has another companion, one who is a born sycophant, for the "monitor lizard" warns him of coming danger by running before him through the reeds and plunging into the water.

He, however, does not forget to eat the crocodile's eggs and young whenever there is a chance.

Another example of this communal life is that the rhinoceros, and also hippopotamus, are often attended by small birds known as the rhinoceros birds.

They feed on the ticks and parasites that infest these animals, and, moreover, serve to warn them of approaching danger.

Marine life is rich in examples of commensalism. A graceful fish seeks its fortune in the body of a holothuria or "sea-cucumber."

It has an eel-like and scale-clad body, which is somewhat compressed. Lodging in the digestive tube of his companion, and regardless of this hospitality, he seizes on his share of all that enters.

In their visits to the holothurias, these fishes are accompanied by small crabs, etc. They are known in various seas, and all have similar habits.

The pilot-fish and shark furnish an instance of association at present unexplained. But the pilot has sometimes been confounded with a very different fish—that is, the remora.

This latter is simply anchored to his host, and wants from him nothing more than to be towed through the sea.

Many creatures produce a large number of eggs, some of which decompose for want of fecundation, or die in course of development. Some years ago, a Dutch scientist made a most singular discovery bearing on the fact just referred to. He announced it in terms we cannot forbear quoting:

"It is known that lobsters, as well as crabs and the greater part of the crustacea, carry their eggs under the abdomen, and that these eggs remain suspended there till the embryos are hatched. In the midst of them lives an animal of extreme agility, which is perhaps the most extraordinary being which has been subjected to the eyes of a zoologist. It may be said, without exaggeration, that it is a biped or even quadruped worm. Let us imagine a clown from the circus, with his limbs as far dislocated as possible, we might even say entirely deprived of bones, displaying tricks of strength and activity on a heap of monster cannon-balls, which he struggles to surmount, placing one foot formed like an air-bladder on another, alternately balancing and extending his body, folding his limbs on each other, or handing his body upwards like a caterpillar of the geometrides, and we shall then have but an imperfect idea of all the attitudes which it varies incessantly. The lobster gives him a berth, and the passenger feeds himself at the expense of the cargo; that is to say, he eats the eggs and the embryos which die, and the decomposition of which would be fatal to his host and her progeny."

This remarkable creature is provided with an egg-sucking apparatus. The common crab of our shores lodges a kind of thread-worm, which is considered to probably perform the same sanitary office. The sturgeon also lodges among its eggs a polyp which plays the same part.

The insect world furnishes not a few instances of symbiosis. The fur of animals and the feathers of birds afford shelter to them.

They live upon and thus remove from the superfluous hair or feathers the pellicle or skin debris which encumber them, thereby adding to the cleanliness and good looks of their host. In a word, they perform the same service as do some minute crustaceans for many kinds of fishes. They are not living at their host's expense, but for his benefit. There is a distinct species on each of the domestic animals, the ox, dog, and cat.

Scientific and Useful.

SMOKE PICTURES.—A new form of art is "smoke pictures," made by the smoke of a gas flame on white cardboard or paper. At first there is, perhaps, only a suggestion of what the picture is to be, but after a sufficient coating of soot has accumulated, the material is manipulated with a brush or some other implement until the details are worked out.

MORTAR BY THE BARREL.—Apropos of the proposition to make and sell mortar by the barrel, as is the practice in Germany, it may be said that a good strong mortar is made of lime, a little sand, water and pieces of brick ground to a powder. All the refuse from a building built of brick should be ground up and utilized in the mortar, by machines made for that purpose.

VULCANITON.—This is the compound name of a new article intended to combine all the valuable qualities of asbestos and india-rubber, of which, as its name indicates, it is mainly composed. It forms a substance of the toughness of horn, although it can be made of any degree of flexibility; it is a non-conductor of electricity, and stands the severest test of gases, acids, steam, etc.

BICYCLE.—The coming novelty in the cycling world is a combination machine which, by the simplest action, is instantly convertible from a tricycle into a bicycle. By means of this invention the front wheels are removable at pleasure and can thus be passed through even a narrow doorway; and at very little extra cost an extra wheel is supplied, which, when joined to the back one, converts the machine into a safety bicycle.

FOR THE BLIND.—A remarkable instrument which will prove a veritable boon for the blind has been invented in Paris. This is a small press which will enable blind people not only to print the raised characters which they are able to read with their fingers, but also the ordinary characters on the same sheet of paper. Henceforward, therefore, blind persons will be able to communicate by letter with their friends, without being obliged to have recourse to the assistance of others.

DRYING HOUSES.—A new invention is reported for drying buildings. A Russian engineer has invented an apparatus for drying buildings which is said to have proved very effective. It is based on the principle of carbonic gas rapidly absorbing the moisture of the air, and to this end the inventor has constructed a closed stove burning charcoal by the introduction of air into it direct from the open through two tubes. A steady current of dry warm carbonic gas is allowed to escape into the room to be dried, which rapidly absorbs the moisture in the air, and escapes in the ordinary manner through the chimney.

Farm and Garden.

DRY EARTH.—Dry earth, perfectly free from moisture, is excellent for use in bins for storing turnips and other root crops.

RATS.—Old brush, rubbish piles, etc., afford excellent harboring places for rats, and unless removed the rodents will work down and burrow under the barn walls.

COLORED WASH.—An excellent home-made paint, or colored wash, can be made of one quart of cement in a gallon of skim milk. It is very durable, and will last much longer than ordinary white-wash.

THE ANIMALS.—As no two animals are alike, it is best to consult their appetites and desires. Whatever the animal prefers as food, and thrives on it should have. Food cannot be forced on an animal if it dislikes it.

MILK.—Skim-milk is excellent for pigs at all seasons. They will grow upon such diet when everything else fails. Give them all they will drink, and if then allowed to root in the clover field after the crop has been cut, they will need but little grain of any kind.

CONVENIENCE.—Buy bolts and nuts of assorted sizes used on the farm, by the pound. Buy copper belt-rivets in the same way. Copper wire is now wound on spools for convenience. Have your tool-box well stocked with these indispensables and save many trips to the village.

THE HEDGE.—When cultivating on both sides of the hedge the hiding places of many weeds are destroyed. Hedges should be cultivated and kept clean the same as crops, as the cultivation not only permits of keeping them in better shape but increases their thickness and utility.

TALKING.—Here is a good suggestion: A man has just as good a right to talk about a neighbor as he has to talk about his neighbors' horses. The value of a horse depends a great deal upon the reputation that he sustains. In regard to this matter, as well as to the matter of talking about your neighbors, it is the safest and best way to adopt as a motto: "Speak a good word or say nothing at all."

A NOVEL INSECT DESTROYER.—An orchard at Grass Valley, Cal., was infested with the codlin moth and other fruit-destroying insects. Although no attempt to eradicate the pests has been made, the orchard is now free of insects and the fruit is sound and clean. To the presence of an electric light in the immediate vicinity this change is attributed, and perhaps rightfully, for thousands of the dead pests have nightly been found on the ground under the light.

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Peaceful and Contented.

The most salient characteristic of life in the latter portion of the nineteenth century is its speed, and the question to be considered is: first, whether this rapid rate is a good one; and next, whether it is worth the price we pay for it.

No doubt we "do" more, but in "doing" everything and "being" nothing.

The first point to notice is, that we have got into the habit of valueing speed as speed, with little reference to the use made of the time gained.

The physical consequences of this needless hurry are grave enough; the moral consequences are possibly graver still; though both sets of effects are as yet only in their infancy, and will take a generation or two fully to develop.

The rapidity of railway traveling produces a chronic disturbance in the nervous system; and the anxiety to be in time, the hurrying pace, cause a daily wear and tear as well as accelerated action of the heart, which kills or injures thousands.

The constitutions which are thus enfeebled and impaired we transmit damaged to our children, who add to and pass on the sad inheritance. Heart disease, too common already, may be expected to be more common still.

We are, perhaps, most of us, conscious at some time of the need to be quiet and alone; but few of us have estimated adequately the degree in which an atmosphere of excitement, especially when we enter it young and continue in it habitually, is fatal to the higher and the deeper life; the subtle poison which it disseminates throughout the whole character; how it saps solidity and strength of mind; how it daily becomes more necessary and in increasing measure; how it enfeebles and renders abnormally sensitive the subtle organization of the brain; and how far, by slow and sure gradations, it carries us on toward a mental and moral condition which may justly be pronounced unsound.

But "high pressure" is shown even more in our own style of work than in our rate of movement. The world is more exacting in its demands from all laborers, except merely manual ones.

Success in professional, public and commercial life demands more strenuous and exhausting toil, sterner concentration, and a more harsh and rigid sacrifice of the amenities which time offers the easy-going than was formerly the case.

The eminent lawyer, the physician in full practice, the minister, and the aspiring politician, even the literary workman and eager man of science, are now condemned to an amount and severity of exertion which forces one after another to break off (or to break down) in mid-career, shattered, paralyzed, reduced to premature inaction or senility.

What work does for the learned professions, anxiety does for the merchant and the manufacturer.

The barrister must make hay while the sun shines, for it shines so late; the physician cannot, in middle life, select the patients whom he has longed for through the years of youth; while the statesman has to undergo a prolonged pressure to attain what Macaulay calls "that closely watched slavery which is dignified by the name of power."

Men who have given up their entire being to this business-labor often lose all capability of a better life, all relish for recreation or contemplation, all true appreciation of leisure when it comes at last, for the faculties of enjoyment, like all others, are apt to grow atrophied with disuse.

The successful man too, often with much to retire upon, has nothing to retire to; for literature, science, domestic ties, public and philanthropic interests, nature itself, have been lost sight of during the mad struggle, and the key to which soon grows rusty.

This ceaselessness and severity of toil gives the prizes of life to men of exceptional physique. Physical and cerebral toughness is the prime requisite.

The moderately endowed in brains, in health and strength are "nowhere." The slow-moving bid fair to be elbowed out of their careers; while the prospect before the dull and the dunces, who are seldom the minority, is growing deplorable indeed.

Moderate faculties and moderate health are in the same case.

Less than a generation ago families could live with all the comforts and essential elegances of life on a couple of thousand, who strive in vain to do so now.

This land, says a recent writer, is a paradise for the great proprietor, the successful merchant or engineer, the popular author, and sometimes for the skilful and energetic journalist; scarcely for the quiet, unaspiring, unpushing, who would fain run a peaceful and contented course.

Let us consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in books; how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.

As it is never too soon to be good, so it is never too late to amend; I will, therefore, neither neglect the time present, nor despair of the time past. If I had been sooner good, I might perhaps have been better; if I am longer bad, I shall, I am sure, be worse. That I have staid long time idle in the market place deserves reprehension, but if I am late sent into the vineyard I have encouragement to work—"I will give unto this last even as unto thee."

Repentance is not like the summer fruits, fit to be taken a little and in their own time; it is like bread, the provision and support of life, the entertainment of every day; but it is the bread of affliction to some, and the bread of carefulness to all; and he that preaches this with the greatest severity, it may be, takes the liberty of an enemy, but he gives the counsel and the assistance of a friend.

Avoid situations which put our duties in opposition with our interests, and which show us our good in the misfortunes of others; sure that in such situations, whatever sincere love of virtue we have, we weaken sooner or later, without perceiving it, and we become unjust and deceitful in deed, without having ceased to be just and good in the soul.

I never was fit to say a word to a sinner except when I had a broken heart myself; when I was subdued and melted into penitence, and felt as though I had just received pardon for my own soul, and when my heart was full of tenderness and pity.

Nothing raises the price of a blessing like its removal; whereas it was its continuance which should have taught us its value. There are three requisitions to the proper enjoyment of earthly blessings—a thankful reflection on the goodness of the Giver, a deep sense of our unworthiness, a recollection of the uncertainty of long possessing them. The first would make us grateful; the second, humble, and the third, moderate.

Whatever strengthens our local attachments is favorable both to individual and national character. Our home, our birthplace, our native land—think for a while what the virtues are which arise out of the feelings connected with these words, and if you have any intellectual eyes, you will then perceive the connection between topography and patriotism.

What heart has not acknowledged the influence of this hour, the sweet and soothing hour of twilight, the hour of love, the hour of adoration, the hour of rest, when we think of those we love only to regret that we have not loved them more dearly, when we remember our enemies only to forgive them.

Blessings we enjoy daily; and for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made the sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers and meat and content.

Place not thy amendment only in increasing thy devotion, but in bettering thy life. This is the damning hypocrisy of this age; that it slights all good morality and spends its zeal in matters of ceremony, and a form of godliness without the power of it.

Wherever anything is spoken against you that is not true, do not pass by or despise it because it is false; but forthwith examine yourself, and consider what you have said or done that may administer a just occasion of reproof.

He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own; and he who profits of a superior understanding raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with.

To reject wisdom because the person who communicates it is uncouth and his manners are inelegant, what is it but to throw away a pineapple, and assign for a reason the roughness of its coat?

I could write down twenty cases wherein I wished God had done otherwise than he did; but which I now see, had I had my own will, would have led to extensive mischief.

It is the same with understanding as with eyes; to a certain size and make, just so much light is necessary, and no more. Whatever is beyond brings darkness and confusion.

As any one may bring himself to believe almost anything that he is inclined to believe, it makes all the difference whether we begin or end with the inquiry, What is truth?

Before thou reprehend another, take heed thou art not culpable in what thou goest about to reprehend. He that cleanses a blot with blotted fingers makes a greater blur.

Compose yourself to Heaven; repent what is past; avoid what is to come; and do not spread the compost on the weeds, to make them ranker.

Reproof, especially as it relates to children, administered in all gentleness, will render the culprit not afraid, but ashamed to repeat the offense.

A good heart is the sun and moon, or, rather, the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps its course truly.

The besetting sin of our age is the temptation to squander and dilute thought on a thousand different lines of inquiry.

We are forced to respect the gifts of nature, which neither fortune nor study can give.

The World's Happenings.

Ten common-sized eggs weigh one pound.

Pronouncing contests are becoming popular in some localities.

In the language of the Sandwich Islands every word ends in a vowel.

Bearing coats of arms was introduced and became hereditary about 1151.

In September one firm in New York manufactured 77,000,000 cigarettes.

In the Vermont Legislature recently ten women suffrage petitions were presented.

It is said that more gold pens are made in New York than in all other cities in the world.

A horse thief, who was arrested at Mexico, Me., boasts that he has cut his way out of 17 jails.

A Norden, Neb., man has been married after 20 years' courtship conducted through the mails.

Mary Griffin, 55 years old, died at the almshouse in Meriden, Conn., a few days ago, after a fast of 55 days.

William McCluskey, who recently went insane at Rockford, Ill., imagines that he has poisoned his moustache.

Hudson, N. Y., has a Stingy Club, whose members pledge themselves neither to treat nor to accept a treat.

According to a calculation by Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore, Heaven contains 2,736,750,000,000 rooms, 12x12 feet.

A man employed by the Augusta, Me., Electric Light Company warmed a dynamite cartridge over a forge one day lately. He won't do so again.

A curiosity of patchwork recently received in Richmond, Va., from Norfolk is a mantel lambrequin made of 96 badges collected at the Gettysburg reunion last July.

A Maine man, who sent a quarter to a firm in Fargo, Dakota, to discover the secret of perpetual life, received by return mail a post card, on which was printed the words, "Don't die."

Paris receives 100,000 francs by the will of a citizen who was run over and killed in that city. He bequeathed the money to erect bridges over the streets at the most dangerous points.

At a party in honor of his sixteenth birthday anniversary, little Charles Raefle, in New York, recently stuffed himself with bread, peanuts, sarsaparilla and salad. He died before daybreak.

A citizen of Marietta, La., put some chestnuts on the roof to dry, and the rats gnawed holes through the roof to get the chestnuts, and when it rained the water came through those holes with a rush.

Twenty-one apples picked by a New Holland, Pa., farmer completely filled a half-bushel measure. The smallest weighed exactly one pound, and the largest one pound five ounces. The entire lot tipped the scales at 36 pounds.

The most original suicide yet comes from Yadkin county, N. C., where one Rufe Revis broke into a still-room, and, putting one end of a syphon in a barrel of whiskey and the other in his mouth, got so entirely full that he had no space for breath.

The stove is a most dangerous hiding place for money, and a Western man discovered that to his sorrow several months ago. An Ohio farmer has now made the same discovery, at a cost of $75. While he was out of town a cold spell came along and his family started a fire.

At Westtown, Pa., a cow fell 20 feet into an unused well, and, though it rested in the contracted quarters and with its head scarcely above water all night, the bovine was alive when hauled out in the morning by the aid of a derrick. It could not walk, however, and apparently had received fatal injuries.

A highwayman in Kansas City, who snatched a pocketbook from a woman, upon being pursued by a policeman ran to the top of a bluff and sprang off, a distance of 80 feet, but was not badly hurt. The officer, seeing him start away after alighting, made a similar leap. He was badly shaken up, but managed to catch his man.

A Spanish magistrate, shocked and exasperated by repeated food adulteration, has issued a proclamation aflame with righteous wrath that "all wines, groceries and provisions which, upon analysis, are proved to be injurious to health, will be confiscated forthwith and distributed to the different charitable institutions."

"You'd be surprised," says a New York safe manufacturer, "at the number of sham pasteboard safes in New York, and they're made so well that any ordinary person would be deceived. They have a business-like appearance and give an office a thrifty look, all for $5 or $6, whereas the real article would cost something like $100."

About 100 volumes were stolen from a Norwich, Conn., library. The thieving was done on the instalment plan, and, it is supposed, by a rogue whose conscience began to bother him, since all the works, nicely packed in a box, were found on the Librarian's desk when he returned from dinner the other day. It is not known by whom they were put there.

Competition among the grocers, five in number, of Milledgeville, Ark., became so brisk that one of them offered excursion tickets to St. Joseph to all of his customers who would promise him their trade for the next three months. This was a bid for a long term of custom, and before the other grocers could recover themselves he had a monopoly of the trade.

The Bishop of New York has the largest personal revenue in this country. It is $10,000 a year. The Bishop of Maine has the smallest. It is $1200 a year. The Bishops of California, Chicago, Long Island and Massachusetts have each $8000 a year. Others have incomes running from $3000 a year down; while eight of the American Protestant Episcopal prelates are content with $2000 a year each.

FATE'S MOCKERY.

BY WM. W. LONG.

The Autumn sun gleams coldly down
Upon the earth and me;
And winds are chanting sad refrains
In minor melody.

The earth mourns for her faded flowers,
And I for Love's sweet rest;
My life is barren and my heart is lone,
Fate mocks with an empty nest.

A Chance Checkmate.

BY J. CAMPBELL.

THREE years ago I was a girl of sixteen, unemancipated from the schoolroom. My father was—and is—banker at Siston. The town lies in a valley, and by a great many people is thought unhealthy. Having a kinsman whom he can thoroughly trust as acting manager, papa these many years since has abandoned the Red House in Siston Broadway, and resided at the Manor, Walnsey. This is, however, twelve miles from his place of business—eight by rail added to four by road. The Manor has one other drawback—it stands in a very isolated situation. Our nearest neighbors are our namesakes, the Escotts of Walnsey Cross; and Valentia Lodge, the country-seat of Captain Milne Escott, lies westward across the wilderness we call the Heath, a good three miles.

The month when my story opens was that of February Fill-dike, and it was justifying its name.

Of storms we seemed to have a ceaseless succession. Heavy rains and high winds had been for several weeks the prevailing meteorological conditions. Alice—my younger sister—and I were prisoners within doors; and we should have found time drag more heavily than it did but for the presence of Val. An only brother is always a girl's hero, and Val was ours. In age he came between us, and his proper place at this period of the year was Rugby. But he had met with an accident at Christmas, and was only just convalescent. Hence, his holidays had already lasted in excess a full fortnight of the working term. As perhaps Val may read this, I will be candid, and add that there were seasons when, owing to his teasing, we heartily wished him back in the Midlands.

The Tuesday on which papa announced his urgent summons to Ferris Court was, however, not one of those occasions.

Boreas was doing his best to bring the house about our ears. We could not possibly go out in the tempest.

We were not ultra-enthusiastic readers; and fancy-work was ever Alice's *bete noire;* therefore, we must have settled into tame subjection to *ennui* but for Val. It was his business, as he put it, to make things lively; and he did.

I had ventured to demur to papa's going. Surely it was my place to care for him as mamma would have done had she lived, and his health had troubled me of late, thoughtless as I too frequently was.

"It is a dreadfully rough day, papa," I said. "Cannot Sir Hugo Ferris wait? It is such a distance, too, to Ferris Court; and all across country. You can't reach the place readily by rail."

"No; I wish that I could," papa answered. "But the journey is quite imperative. Sir Hugo is one of our best patrons. He telegraphs that his departure for Algiers is fixed definitely for Thurday—an alteration of a week in his arrangements; and I have urgent matters to discuss with him. He insists—foolishly, but I cannot help it—on negotiating with the principal; he will have none of Mr. Bellaws." I suppose my face was visibly lengthening, for before I could reply, papa added:—"Don't look so glum about it Maggie. You'll be quite safe here in charge of Mrs. Climber, our new housekeeper. I am convinced that, after many changes and mishaps, we have secured a treasure. I say this because it is uncertain if I shall return to-night."

"Not return to-night!" I echoed helplessly.

"No," he said. "I have decided to take the horses the whole way; and as the roads are in a bad state, Spence will put the cattle up in the village and then drive me back the next morning. I shall be sure of comfortable quarters at Ferris Court.

"Is it quite—safe?" I asked.

"For me, do you mean?"

"No-o; for us. This house is so lonely, and it is known that here are mamma's jewels—and the pictures—and the plate."

Papa scoffed at my fears. "We are too far from the track of the light-fingered prowler to receive his attentions," he answered.

But it was an error.

Ever since that day, I have had a lurking belief in presentiments. I know very well that the confession will cause some superior persons, fortified in the lines of a sane common-sense, to smile with pity at my girlish weakness.

I am somewhat disposed to smile with them; and yet it is not more certain that a plot existed to rifle the Manor, than that hour by hour after papa had gone I grew more and more vaguely but genuinely uneasy.

I said nothing to either Val or Alice. What was there to say? Nor to Mrs. Climber.

Somehow, I had not taken to the fresh arrival so warmly as the others. I did not dispute that her recommendations were first-class; that her demeanor to each of us was precisely what it should be—neither over-deferential nor too familiar; that she was a skilled house-mistress and a paragon of order.

Nevertheless, I had consciously frowned when papa praised her; and I was in no hurry to take her into confidence when a nameless oppression weighed upon my spirits. Alice had discovered my lack of enthusiasm long ago, and insisted that I was prejudiced because Mrs. Climber was foreign-looking, and had an affected way of putting up an eyeglass, which, in the opinion of Val and myself, was totally useless to her.

I allowed Alice to think as she pleased; the fact remained, that hitherto I was unconquered, and that Mrs. Climber knew it.

Dusk thickened at last, and we had the approval of our consciences in closing blinds and drawing curtains to, and shutting out by every recognized expedient the driving cloud-rack, the desolate landscape, and the constant drip, drip of the complaining trees.

And then Val accepted a stray challenge—mine or Alice's, I cannot be sure; the point is immaterial—and proceeded, with a flow of boyish eloquence which promised well for his intended future at the bar, to vindicate his latest hobby, the science of graphiology.

He had a notable little collection of autographs and specimens of caligraphy which he rummaged out of his hoard of treasures; and upon these he descanted with all the dogmatism of the professor and all the fervor of the disciple.

As he was pointing out to half-sceptical critics and listeners an alleged resemblance between traits in the historical character of the Duke of Wellington and features in the great warrior's handwriting, he was interrupted.

To the surprise of each of us, we heard the rumble of approaching wheels on the soaked avenue without.

"Can papa be back, after all, and so early as this?" Alice cried.

"Not he. That isn't our carriage. It's a brougham certainly; but Spence isn't driving it—the rattle's different," Val answered, at the end of a short pause.

"Then who can it be?" I said with wonder and a recurrence of anxiety.

Val crossed to the window and caught question and reply of visitor and coachman.

"Is this the place?" inquired the former.

"Yes; this be Mr. Escott's o' t' Manor, Walnsey," returned the latter.

Clang went the hall bell; and in another half-minute, Josephs, our butler, looking anything but pleased at the interference with his session of enjoyment in the kitchen, opened our door and ponderously announced: "Mr. Lidlaw."

The name was entirely unknown to me, as also the purport and occasion of the call.

I debated for a second whether I should send Alice in search of Mrs. Climber—who was, I believed, writing in her own room—or whether I should myself assume the responsibility of confronting the stranger.

This question was decided for me. On the heels of the domestic advanced Mr. Lidlaw; he, at least, appeared to have no doubts as to the course to follow.

Under-sized, middle-aged, clean-shaven, gray—this is the best and fullest description which I could have given at the moment of the easy-going intruder, and it will suffice for my narrative.

"Ah, three of you!" he said. "My old friend's daughters and son, I presume? I wasn't aware he was so favored."

The human voice is a wonderful instrument. In one case, it shall of itself convey suspicion; in another, reassurance. It was the latter here.

A tyrannical imagination had painted before my mental vision with swift brush the portrait of a dangerous conspirator.

The living enigma spoke, and however puzzling and mysterious his presence continued to be, my courage revived. The circumstance is as I state; the explanation I leave to others.

"My name is Escott; this is my brother—and my sister," I stammeringly answered. "But who—to what do we owe?"—— I was a pitifully poor inquisitor. Before I had framed my query, I was stopped.

"Who am I?" the cheery stranger said. "Well, I suppose one can't claim universal fame; but it certainly strikes me as curious that you should have to ask. As to my errand, that is just pleasure and the resuscitation of old memories. Your father and I used to be staunch friends.—You're not very like him, young gentleman."

The latter sentence was, of course, addressed to my brother Valentine.

"Indeed!" the boy said laconically.

The stranger's glance had fallen upon the strange medley that decorated our centre-table.

"Some one here is a collector of autographs, I see," he went gaily on. "May I inspect them?—Thank you. It is a pursuit of great interest to me; I sometimes have to study—ahem!—in a professional capacity contrast and likeness in penmanship." He bent over Val's specimens, amongst which were included examples of the hand of nearly all the boy's acquaintances; for Val played havoc very impartially with characters ancient and modern, great and small, famous or obscure.

And by-and-by I noticed a queer little start, seemingly of recognition. Mr. Lidlaw looked up. "Who wrote this?" he said. It was a couple of lines—a quotation from Tennyson—and beneath, the signature of Mrs. Climber.

It was Alice who replied. "That's the writing of our housekeeper," she said wonderingly.—"Do you know Mrs. Climber? She came to us from Leeds. I like her hand—it is so neat and pretty."

"And it bespeaks a strong will, decision, and perhaps *finesse*," said Val sententiously, quite in the style of the lecturer.

But I felt that it was time to know more of the visitor, who seemed to be taking his footing in our midst so much for granted. I broke in with a direct demand. "I have never heard papa speak of you, so far as I can recollect, Mr. Lidlaw, and he is not at home. Did he expect you to-night?"

Mr. Lidlaw awoke as from a reverie. "Captain Escott not at home!" he repeated. "Expect me! I am here in response to his invitation."

Val and I had the clue to the riddle simultaneously.

"You are wanting Valentia Lodge, Walnsey Cross," I said.

"It is Mr. John Escott who lives here; there's been a mistake," cried Val.

Mr. Lidlaw stood as though paralyzed by the revelation of his blunder; then a shadow of intense vexation passed over his features; and this in turn yielded to a smile at his own expense. "Whew! This comes of not being sufficiently precise in investigation; a lesson I hardly ought to need to learn, after all these years," he grimly soliloquized. Then he bowed deprecatingly to us, and proceeded: "The storm was raging so fiercely, that I was content in the station-yard with little delay and few words. I asked the coachman who was handiest if he could drive me to Captain Escott's, Walnsey, and he said 'Yes.' I suppose he did not catch more than the surname, and I was ignorant that Walnsey and Walnsey Cross are not identical places."

"They are three miles apart," said Val.

"I was uncertain of my train, or Captain Escott would have sent to meet me. I begged him not to do that. The question now is, how to get away, for the driver—he was none too sober—is gone, and my luggage is in your hall. It is really most unfortunate and absurd, and wholly my fault, for I remember remarking that the fellow called your home—'the Manor'—which was not a familiar name for it—both at Daleford Station and here on arrival. I tender a thousand apologies."

Forthwith, our group of four resolved itself into a committee for dealing with this singular emergency. Our debate had but a lame issue. If papa had been here, and had become convinced of the *bona fides* of his uninvited guest, he would have sent Spence with Mr. Lidlaw to Captain Escott's. But both papa and the man were absent. Josephs was old, and often ailing; I hesitated to suggest any scheme that should involve his going out into the tempest. And certainly Val must not venture on any such exposure.

Mr. Lidlaw carefully inquired his way, and announced that he should walk. He asked too—very oddly, as I thought, with a new twinge of doubt—the nearest route back to Daleford village. Val's directions were clear and full; and if the stranger obeyed them, he could not possibly go astray in either direction. It seemed inhospitable to permit him to turn out unattended into the night; but I could perceive no alternative; and I have reason to think that he would have over-ruled any and every objection.

Mrs. Climber had not appeared. This struck us afterwards as strange. However busy she might be with her correspondence, it was curious that she should have heard nothing of the arrival, or that, hearing, she should have kept away. Some twenty minutes after Mr. Lidlaw had left, she entered the drawing-room and listened to our joint narrative of what had happened. I fancied that she was preoccupied, until Alice casually referred to the visitor's inspection of her handwriting, and that then her manner changed, and she listened with more interest—even anxiety—than she cared for us to observe. From this fact—if such it were—I was, however, at a loss to draw any particular deduction.

I pass over the hours that elapsed between this episode and midnight. We had retired early, and the house ought to have been as dark and still as if uninhabited.

Older friends tell me that it is the privilege of healthy girlhood to sleep soundly and with ease. I do not doubt that they are right.

But on this occasion I continued obstinately awake. The day had not wanted in agitations and surprises, and they had affected my spirit with unusual restlessness.

Perhaps I am nervous by temperment, and it was this quality which filled the darkness with shapes of terror, and my brain with inchaotic fears of some stealthily on-creeping evil.

It is likely enough to be the true and ample explanation of my mental condition. Certainly, I could not rest. How vainly I wished that I had proposed to Alice that we should occupy to-night the same room. She would have consented instantly, although I had no reason to suppose that Alice shared my tremors.

But it would be a confession of cowardice of which I should not soon hear the last to go to her now, even if the situation of her room, at the end of a long, silent corridor and across a mid-landing, was an insufficient deterrent.

No; I must toss and turn and wait for the tardy morning.

Suddenly, a chill shot through my veins; I sat up amongst the pillows, rigid, and, I doubt not, blanched almost to their own whiteness. I listened in a very agony of attention.

From the depths below there had echoed distinctly upwards—or my faculties were playing me false—the sound of the sullen yielding of a bolt.

My apartment was immediately over the plate-closet, and adjacent to the partition which closed in the second flight of stairs. This accounted for the transmission of the noise. But the noise was an ominous disclosure. In the dead of night, it was surely illegitimate, and spoke surely of crime.

The veriest craven will sometimes obtain an access of courage as mysterious in its source as, generally, transient in its sway.

I am not calling myself hard names. Indeed, I should be sorry to believe that I absolutely belong to the class whose badge is a white feather.

But I have owned no trepidation; and now I mastered for at least a few minutes the first paralysis of fright. I pressed my throbbing temples hard against the wainscot, and found that the wood was a faithful conductor of sound.

A rumbling and grating that could have no honest and satisfactory cause, jarred upon my highly strung nerves.

I was not the victim of delusion. Assured of this, I began to dress, with quaking, fumbling fingers and in the dark.

Plan I had none as yet, and my actuating purpose was merely to reach and alarm the rest of the household.

It was just blind instinct, for I did not pause to ask what effectual resistance to a gang of robbers could be offered by a peck of scared women, an invalid boy, and one tottering old man.

I thought first of Miss Turpin, our governess, and Mrs. Climber, and in this order.

They both occupied rooms on the same floor as myself, but far in the rear of the building.

It was an ugly venture to get to them. As I was debating, I remembered my mother's jewels.

These were deposited in a dressing-case locked into a wardrobe strong-box in papa's room.

Had they escaped the thieves? Would they escape?

By almost a mechanical impulse, I unfastened and opened my door, and stepped lightly the five or six paces to that of the vast cavern-like chamber in which, the fable goes, a queen once slept.

There was a light within other than that of the wan young moon, which glimmered feebly through lozenge-shaped panes in a window high over my head. I sucked in my breath with a well-nigh audible gasp, and shivered; but it was as though a subtle fascination drew me nearer in spite of the peril.

I crept to the tell-tale crack through which the pencilled line of light fell. A single peep, and I knew the worst: we were betrayed.

Kneeling before the receptacle of my mother's family heirlooms was a woman, holding a lamp for the guidance of a male confederate, who busied himself with a file at the wardrobe lock.

They seemed equally absorbed in their nefarious task. The man I had never before seen; the woman was Mrs. Climber. I believed I was nigher to swooning than on any previous or subsequent occasion. Luckily, with a supreme effort I was able to recover the self-possession wrested from me by the double shock.

I dare not think what might have been the denouement, in the contrary event.

How papa had been deceived! and all of us, for, though I had vaguely disliked the new comer, no suspicion of her fidelity had entered my mind; yet my eyes had testified that she was an accomplice in a sinister plot.

Very possibly she was its originator.

It gave me intense anxiety to decide upon my next step. A daring suggestion flew to my brain; but I dismissed it, not so much as impracticable as useless. It was to lock the two thieves in. This was possible if managed with adroitness, for the key cast a shadow on the polished floor. Mrs. Climber had locked the door of papa's room with hypocritical care, as we retired that night, saying that housemaids were curious, and had been known to walk in their sleep, and that it was not well to trust them to excess. And now the adventuress had left the key on the outside. But what would the countermove avail? There were villians below making away with the plate; I had heard them: they would come to the rescue, and I had no means of successfully following up the temporary advantage. Yet my fingers itched to drag to that door and imprison my foes.

Clang! clatter! all our bells seemed to be ringing at once, and Mrs. Climber's precious confederates would not have given the alarm; it must mean for them interruption and discomfiture. And in a trice I had acted on my wild idea. The great oak door was fast—fast! I had the key, and with it I flew to my own room. There I cowered as children do under the bed-clothes, and suffered paroxysm after paroxysm of helpless abject terror. Every vestige of bravery, deliberate or fortuitous, had forsaken me. But I was not molested.

What happened on the other side of my fortress can be simply and succinctly related in the words with which on the morrow, our friend and benefactor, Mr. Lidlaw, enlightened papa. It will be needful to resume from the point of his recognition of Mrs. Climber's handwriting when chatting in our drawing-room.

"You see, I am an expert in these matters," he said. "Probably you may have seen my name in the newspapers in connection with some trial, civil or criminal, in which the identification of handwriting has formed a leading feature in the proceedings?"

"I have," papa answered.

"Exactly. And two months ago I had to make a professional study of various documents and signatures in a north-country case of systematic and long-continued fraud. I am prepared to swear that the specimen of Mrs. Climber's, alias Mrs. Clegg's hand shown by your son is the fac simile of a large number of those papers.

"The writer is the same. And now that I have seen her—she had a most valid reason for staying in the background yesterday evening—I recognize the woman too.

"She only escaped a long term of penal servitude through the plea that she was her husband's tool.

"And another thing made me startled and suspicious. It was this: at Daleford, a man left the same train, whom I identified, in spite of his wrappings, as the brother of the condemned Long Firm swindler who stood in the dock with Mrs. Clegg.

"He'll soon follow her into a convict cell. He was involved in the Manchester case, though there was a flaw in the evidence, and he eluded the grasp of justice."

"But Mrs. Climber's testimonials—they were most excellent," murmured papa.

"Forged, my dear sir; I entertain no doubt of it," replied Mr. Lidlaw. "These people saw your advertisement, and application and references were all parts of rather a clever "plant." But the female trickster carried her daring a step too far, and will pay the penalty. When I was confronted with that couplet, in the hand I had so much reason to know, I got an inkling of the game that was afoot. And instead of going on to Walnsey Cross, I returned to Daleford and interviewed a sergeant of police. It seemed that he was in possession of an official warning that tended in the like direction of watchfulness. We both had a suspicion that you might have been lured out of the way by a bogus message."

"No; there was no stratagem there," put in my father.

"Then events conspired so far with the gang of rogues. Well, we came up to the Manor to make sure that all was right, and we found an open window and moving lights. We were five in number and armed. The sergeant and two of his men entered by the same road as the burglars, and at a signal from the officer I aroused the household. One thief was taken in the act of selecting the choicest specimens of your old fashioned silver; and, to our infinite bewilderment, we discovered later that your clever housekeeper and a second confederate were caught like rats in a trap. That was the work of Miss Maggie here. As soon as we learned this, we applied to the young lady, got the key, and entered. We were only just in time to thwart an attempt to escape by the window. But for the height and the awkwardness of the descent, the man at least would have escaped. But the three are in Siston jail."

"And I have to thank you," said papa, "for the protection of my property, Mr. Lidlaw; I am sincerely grateful."

"And I am glad to have been of service," answered our friend.

My story is almost at its close. One point which was cleared up at the trial at Sisten assizes was that of the choice of the occasion for the attempt. It came out that a fictitious letter had been compiled which would equally have taken papa; but this part of the scheme was rendered superfluous by the general message of Sir Hugo Ferris, and the resolve to which papa subsequently came.

Mrs. Climber—boasting many other names equally convenient for a month or a year—was this time punished by a heavy sentence, her two associates being treated with the same severity.

Val believes more than ever in graphiology.

We lost a housekeeper, but gained a permanent friend. Mr. Lidlaw comes now as frequently to Walnsey as to Walnsey Cross. And may I not confess that there is more behind? I have special reason to remember with thankfulness the deliverance from that dark peril. To these events I owe an introduction to Harry Lidlaw, Mr. Lidlaw's nephew. He, too, is our friend; and I have promised that one day I will let him assume a still dearer title. It is unnecessary to be more explicit; any loving girl's heart will read the meaning in the riddle.

The Vanity of Man.

BY W. S. F.

"I'LL not believe it! It cannot be true. You should not say such things, Agneta!"

This burst of indignation was answered with mocking laughter.

There were four young girls seated on the grass in a shady corner of the hotel garden, a corner to which the sea breeze wandered to cool their crimson cheeks, and temper the heat of the summer noontide.

Lena Wildon was sitting erect, with her face slightly averted, that her companions might not see the angry tears filling her dark eyes.

Jessie and Eva Dwarris, her cousins, were watching her curiously, or exchanging amused glances; and Agneta Manders, with her hands clasped behind her head, was leaning against the base of a statue, the classic folds of her terra-cotta colored gown disposed around her.

"You do not believe," she repeated, in what Jessie was wont to call "that aggravating drawl of hers"—"you do not believe that one of man's strongest passions is vanity; and yet, my too-impetuous friend, it is true. Men succeed in their enterprises because they have the vanity to think they cannot fail. Men marry because they are vain enough to imagine that the woman to whom they have thrown the handkerchief cannot live without them, and so on."

"I daresay there are men who are silly and conceited enough to deserve your censure," said Lena, earnestly; "but I am sure there are many to whom it does not apply. My dearest father for one; my brother Sam for another; he quizzes our sex, and talks a great deal of nonsense, but——"

"My dear," interrupted Miss Manders, "we will except Mr. Sam Wildon. I can be indulgent to him because he and I are sworn allies and friends."

Jessie Dwarris bit her lip, and picked to pieces the spray of jasmine Sam had given her that morning at breakfast.

But as no one spoke, the self-satisfied Agneta went on:

"Yes, I except Sam; but——"

"But not Felix Leighton," Lena broke in. "You pride yourself, don't you, on your sincerity, so pray speak out. It is at him your diatribes—as I think you call them—are directed. You speak of all men as vain; you are thinking of one who has, I suppose, contrived to affront you, and it is not fair."

Miss Manders crossed her well-shaped feet and contemplated the toes of her slippers with smiling serenity.

"What a foolish, impetuous little creature you are, my darling Lena! You don't perceive that you are strengthening my convictions, instead of removing them. I beg to say that I entertain an immense amount of admiration for Mr. Leighton; he is sufficiently good-looking, gentlemanly, and almost intellectual, but if he thinks he has offended me by his attempts to rebut my opinions he must be vain indeed!"

"Felix is not vain," persisted Lena, with a pout.

"Dear child, whence have you gleaned your experience of the male sex? You may have looked deeper than we have into the heart you fancy you have made all your own, but how can you be so very sure that there are not passions—well, if you object to that word, we will say tendencies—not easily eradicated?"

"I cannot think why you are discussing Mr. Leighton in this manner," interposed Eva Dwarris, bluntly. "It isn't in very good taste."

Agneta laughed.

"Don't blame me, but Lena. The pretty peacock is so proud of her engagement that she insists we shall all think her betrothed perfection, and pecks at us for declining!"

"Think what you please," said Lena, in chilling accents, as she rose to leave her companions.

"*Merci, mademoiselle,*" replied the provoking Agneta. "Having received your gracious permission, I shall continue to think Mr. Leighton as vain as the rest of mankind."

"Prove it!" exclaimed the incensed auditor.

"Shall I? Will you agree to it? And will you ever forgive me when I have done so?"

"You make very sure of succeeding!" cried Jessie. "If I were Lena I would bid you do your worst."

"And so I do," Lena promptly declared. "I have too much faith in Felix Leighton to be afraid of anything Agneta may do or say."

"I take you at your word!" cried Agneta. "So resume your seat while I expound my scheme. If your heart should fail you, and prefer to act on the old adge—ignorance is bliss—you have only to say so."

"Pray go on" said Lena, haughtily, "and don't make a pretence of studying my feelings."

This Miss Manders had no intention of doing. With note-book and pencil she dashed off a few lines, which she proposed to send anonymously to Mr. Leighton.

The note commenced with an assertion that the writer had once danced with him at a ball and retained ever since the deepest interest in her gentlemanly partner.

They had met again, and within the last week; but alas! he had not glanced towards her, and now she was on the point of leaving H—— for London.

Would he be very much shocked if she acknowledged to an intense desire to see him once again, even though she might not have the sorrowful pleasure of speaking to him; and would he walk down Sea-view Road that evening between the hours of 7 and 8?

Lena laughed scornfully.

"And you think Felix would be weak enough to accept such an assignation?"

"What will you wager me that he does not? A box of gloves?"

"I will not make any such wager, it would be an insult to him!"

"How should we know if Mr. Leighton did keep the appointment?" asked Eva.

"Easily," Agneta replied; "my dressmaker lives at the second house in the road. I will find an excuse for going there. We will ensconce ourselves behind the curtains of her window, and there keep watch. You'll not refuse to go with us, Lena?"

There was a pause, and then Lena answered, faintly:

"No, I will not refuse."

She despised herself for the concession as soon as it was made, and hated Agneta for having inspired those doubts of her lover that now began to torment her.

What should she do if Felix found this appeal to his vanity irresistible? Could she ever forgive him for yielding to the temptation, or herself for having consented to put it in his way?

A dozen times did she resolve to draw back, but dread of Agneta's caustic raillery prevented it; and at the appointment hour the four confederates, excusing themselves to their respective parents, set forth for the house of the dressmaker.

Miss Dibson already looked upon Agneta Manders as a most eccentric young lady, and therefore testified no surprise when the loan of her front parlor was requested for an hour, but retired, leaving her visitors in possession of the trim little apartment.

Sea-view Road was one of the most secluded spots in the vicinity of H——.

There were neat villas on one side of it; on the other the high wall of a gentleman's grounds, and the view that gave the road its name was solely obtainable from the upstairs windows.

7 o'clock struck; a group of negro minstrels went by on their way to the pier; another ten minutes elapsed, and Eva, whose sight was keenest, reported a manly figure just looming into sight.

Lena Wildon dropped the book she has been trying to read, and shaded her face with her hand.

Why, oh! why, had she been persuaded to come here? If it were Felix Leighton now approaching, her happy betrothal was at an end.

"'Tis he!" said Agneta, in a tragic whisper, her eyes sparkling with triumph.

"It is not!" cried Jessie, and Lena breathed again.

The person who now walked slowly past the house was dressed in a very light suit of extravagant fashion.

His rather long hair and immense moustache were of a reddish hue; a glass was stuck in his eye, a huge cigar in his mouth; he flourished a cane in his lavender-gloved hand, and walked with the consequential strut of a vulgar dandy on the best of terms with himself.

Even Agneta retreated when this man halted and endeavored to peer in at the window; even Agneta was startled and uneasy when he opened the gate of the forecourt and stalked in.

"What can he want here?" she asked her companions. "He must have seen you smile at him, Jessie."

"Impossible! I was careful to keep out of sight of the ridiculous fellow!"

"He is knocking at the door! What shall we do?" exclaimed Eva, looking pale and frightened.

"There is nothing, there can be nothing to fear," said Lena, now the bravest of the party. "Probably he has come with a message for Miss Dibson from one of her customers. Of course she will not permit him to enter the house."

The loud, long rat-tat was quickly responded to by the dressmaker, and the occupants of the parlor listened with dismay to the colloquy that followed.

The dandy explained to Miss Dibson that he was a visitor at H——, and a note had been handed to him at his hotel from a lady who appointed to meet him in Sea-view Road this evening.

He had reason to believe this lady was now in Miss Dibson's house, and he wished to see her.

In vain he was assured that he must be mistaken, and requested to go away.

With an immense deal of pomposity he insisted on his right to have an interview with the lady who had written to him, and said at last that he was quite determined not to take his departure till he had seen her.

"Go and speak to him, Agneta!" whispered Jessie. "This is your doing, and you must get us out of our difficulty."

"I am not accustomed to disputing with vulgar coxcombs!" retorted Miss Manders. "Let someone go for a policeman."

"But that would make quite a scandal, and set all my neighbors talking!" objected the dressmaker, who had to come to the scared demoiselles to know what was to be done.

"Where is he now?" gasped Eva.

"Sitting in the porch smoking, and he says he intends to stay there till the young lady consents to receive him."

Everyone looked reproachfully at Agneta, who frowned, and bit her lip, and throwing herself on to a couch, told the others they could do as they pleased, but she should stay where she was till the fellow had grown tired of waiting, and gone away.

"But our mothers will be alarmed at our long absence!" objected Lena.

"And if they are, can we help it?" demanded Agneta, so snappishly that no one cared to speak again.

Half-an-hour elapsed, and then the knocker was plied as briskly as before.

"What shall we do if he grows abusive?" asked Jessie.

"Is there no back gate through which we could creep—no fence over which we could climb?" Agneta inquired.

"We will do neither," said Lena, calmly. "We will quietly leave the house, and if this man should attempt to molest us, we will give him our names and addresses, and assure him that he is laboring under a mistake."

"And pray, who will have the courage to be the first to confront such a fellow?" sneered Agneta.

"I will," Lena replied. "I deserve whatever annoyance or humiliation I may have to endure for my folly in consenting to come here."

Without waiting for a reply she bravely acted on her determination, and quitting the parlor, threw open the outer door.

But it cost her a great effort to keep up an appearance of lady-like composure when the importunate dandy instantly stepped forward, and she had to retreat before him.

He was actually in the house, and Agneta flew back to the parlor, gasping an entreaty to Miss Dibson to fetch the police; but Eva and Jessie kept close to their cousin, who, although her voice faltered, succeeded in making a very spirited, sensible speech, which ended in a request that she and her friends might be allowed to pass and return to their friends.

"Certainly, ladies. I think I have revenged myself sufficiently."

The voice was Felix Leighton's, the features his.

As soon as had taken off his hat, and with it the huge sandy moustache, eyebrows, and beard Lena burst into tears of mingled shame and joy.

"Someone must have betrayed us!" exclaimed Agneta, angrily. "Who was it?"

"That interesting individual is here!" said Sam Wildon, peeping over Miss Dibson's shoulder. "He has been here for the last hour, playing the part of prompter to his hostess. When young lady conspirators arrange their plots they should not hold their meetings in a garden—or at least not till they have assured themselves that there is no one within hearing."

"Mr. Leighton's 'get up' was marvellous!" and Agneta laughed her shrillest. "I hope he is satisfied with its effect on our weak nerves."

"If he is not, I am," Sam responded. "Good acting should always have a moral impression. Let me hear if it has had that effect on you, my little cousin!" and tucking under his arm the hand of the blushing, gratified Jessie, he walked off with her, leaving Miss Manders to follow with Eva or not, as she pleased.

"Did I deserve to be exposed to such an ordeal?" Felix Leighton asked his betrothed as soon as he could speak to her unheard by the others.

"Do not reproach me!" Lena entreated. "I have been miserable ever since I consented to it. And yet I hoped and believed you would come out of it triumphantly."

"Then you could not have seen the postscript to that *billet doux*."

"Postscript!"

"Yes, Miss Manders cleverly framed her composition so that my compassion should bring me here, if my vanity failed to do so. Such a piteous appeal for a sum that would enable a very friendless girl and her ailing mother to leave H——, I might have found it difficult to refuse."

"Oh, treacherous Agnetal"

When she saw how Lena was engaged, Miss Manders slipped away, and pleaded the sudden illness of her grandmother as a reason for hurried packing, and almost instant departure.

No one regretted her going, nor was she invited to take part in the dual wedding that was celebrated when Felix Leighton led his penitent Lena to the altar, and Sam Wildon followed his example with Jessie Dwarris.

At Rushlight Camp.

BY J. C. SCOTT.

TWO years ago among the saloon passengers on board one of the Cunard liners was a gold-digger, who seemed fond of telling that he had made his pile, and that he was going to England to enjoy it.

He was a tall, well-built, good-looking man, a little under forty, and, notwithstanding certain peculiarities of manners and speech, he was, on the whole, popular.

To some, perhaps, his money, which he spent lavishly, was a recommendation; but many were certainly attracted to him by his ingenuous, warm-hearted disposition.

He told us—for he made no secret of the fact—that he was worth $150,000.

One evening I and a friend were seated by him over two bottles of champagne, which he had provided, when it was suggested that he must have encountered some strange experiences in his adventurous life.

"Only one worth telling," was his reply, "for of the ordinary shooting and card-playing stories I dare say you have read a great deal more than I ever saw, though I was fifteen years in the ditches."

On being asked to narrate the event to which he referred he [illegible]nted. I cannot represent the realistic impression produced by his looks and gestures, which did much to intensify the effect of his words; but it is easy to repeat the story, which is indelibly graven on my memory.

Pushing his glass away from him unemptied, and sitting back slightly from the table, he began, with only us two for his listeners.

"From the first day that White appeared in the camp we knew that there was something strange about the man. What his real name was I cannot say, and the name he went by was given him owing to the color of his face, which was the palest I have ever seen in a living man.

"His features were good, and of a melancholy cast, but his eyes had a queer expression that almost made you shiver when he looked at you. They were black, dreamy eyes, and had an inhuman, unearthly expression, which sometimes seemed evil and baneful, and sometimes quite the reverse, for I have seen them looking soft and mild enough: but even then they made me feel creepy. He had bought a claim, from which a big haul had already been taken, but it was not yet emptied. White, however, seemed either too lazy or unable to work, and did little or nothing. He was flush of cash, and at first we thought he must be a professional gambler, who used gold-digging only as a blind, but, though devoted to play, it was soon seen that he made nothing by cards, as he oftener lost than won. Through his losses and idleness White at last became hard up, but he seemed no more inclined for work than before.

"At this time a tragedy which took place near the camp caused great excitement among us. The expressman, who was on his way for San Francisco, and who was carrying a large sum of money, and also a quantity of coarse gold, was found murdered and robbed within about five miles of the camp.

"He had evidently been attacked while riding through a wood. He was a first-rate shot, but near his body his revolver was found, loaded in every chamber. Stranger still, he was a man of great strength, but his body showed, by the marks of violence, that he had been in the hands of an assailant more powerful still, for there were the footprints of only one man besides himself. Most strange and horrible of all, there was on his throat a deep indenture, as though it had been caused by long sharp teeth.

"From these facts, and as we could discover no clue to the mystery, you will understand the excitement which the event caused. Some old yarns about vampires became current, and our scare was not lessened on learning that a murder, attended by precisely the same circumstances, had taken place several months before at a settlement about a hundred miles distant. Then our attention was called to the fact that during the past year mysterious disappearances of men had occurred in various parts of the State.

"I don't think we were men much given to superstition, and we hadn't the reputation of cowardice, but I can tell you that for a time most of us were chary of going far from the camp alone, and two expressmen now travelled between us and 'Frisco, as no one could be found to make the journey alone.

"Several months passed by, and as, meanwhile, nothing out of the way had occurred, we had almost regained our former confidence, and were disposed to make light of the alarm that so recently possessed us.

"It was one summer night, just before setting of the sun, when about a dozen of us were having a drink in Absolon's grocery. We were talking of nothing in particular, when Canada Jake made the remark that the night before White had lost three hundred dollars at poker. Then some one else expressed his wonder where White had got his money, as only a short time before he was known to have been broke, and he had never left the camp since, and did no work.

"On this another voice—I don't know whose unless it was Jake's again—said, 'I know where White got the money, for it was he who killed the expressman.'

"On hearing these words every man of us started as though he had been shot. I can't describe the effect of these words; but they brought absolute conviction to those who heard them of what none of us had ever dreamt of before. Some one then proposed that we should go for White; and without more ado a dart was made by the whole of us for White's cabin.

"We found him in, and soon dragged him out. I never saw abject terror more plainly depicted on a man's face. He was absolutely mute with fear, and in answer to our charge he had not a word to say in his own defence. Then we searched him, and found a watch-chain and several other small articles that were known to have belonged to the expressman.

"By this time there was a big crowd about us, for work was over, and the men came flocking in from all directions. Then there was a call on every side for judge and jury. The trial was a short one, and barely an hour after he had been dragged from his cabin White was hanging from the bough of a tall pine that grew on the edge of the canon.

"Not much evidence, you say, to hang a man on! You wouldn't say that, mate, if you had seen guilt printed on White's face in big capitals. But the story is not done yet.

"We knew we should feel more comfortable when we had got rid of him altogether; so that night he was cut down and buried by moonlight.

"Next morning the camp was thrown into a tumult that beggars description by the news that Absolon had been found dead in his store, murdered in precisely the same way as the expressman. There could be no doubt in the mind of any one who saw them both when dead, as I did, that it was the same assassin who had taken the life of each.

"Absolon, like the expressman, possessed exceptional strength, and there were evidences that he had struggled hard with his assailant, but greater force than his own had been used; and on his neck also appeared the singular indenture which had puzzled us before. It was also remarkable that, as in the other case, no shots had been fired.

"The alarm which this mysterious tragedy, happening in our very midst had caused, was increased by the conviction, which most of us ha[illegible], that we had hanged an innocent man. It seemed clear that White could have no participation in this second crime when he was lying buried at the top of the gulch; yet, as I have said, it was acknowledged by all that the same culprit who had killed Absolon must also have caused the expressman's death.

"As before, robbery was evidently the motive of the deed. Absolon had a lot of money in his store, as he both dealt in coarse gold and acted as a banker. The murderer, however, seemed to have been scared away before he had time to secure his plunder.

"So great was the consternation that many of the men spoke of selling their claims, and one or two of the families had made up their minds to leave the camp.

"Absolon's money and other property was now lying in his house ungarded, and it was thought possible that the murderer would return next night to obtain his spoil. But, while many wondered at his temerity, Canada Jake announced his intention of baulking the miscreant by keeping watch at the store all night. On hearing this I volunteered to go with him.

"Accompanied by some of our friends to the door, we entered the store about nine o'clock. Each of us had a brace of six-shooters and a bowie-knife. Jake and I sat a long time smoking. The weather was very hot, and I began to feel sleepy.

"I remember seeing our two candles flickering in the sockets, and I know that at the time I thought we ought to light others before these went out. But without carrying out this resolve I must have fallen asleep. I suppose Jake did the same, but it was never known for certain.

"How long I slept I do not know, but I started out of my sleep, roused by the noise of a terrible struggle that was going on in the dark. I could hear heavy breathing and Jake's half-stifled exclamations of terror, and I knew now that it was no man with whom he was contending in the deadly strife which I could not see.

"I put out my hands to grasp my revolvers, but the table on which they lay must have been overturned, and I could feel nothing. The noise soon ended, and then for a second or two I could hear a panting sound; but ere I had time to collect my thoughts the monster was upon me, and my arms were bound to my sides as if held by a vice.

"I felt something cold and clammy touch my face, and had just time to utter a frantic cry ere I felt the life being crushed out of me. I felt I was fainting, but before I lost consciousness I heard the sound of many voices and then lights flashed indistinctly before my eyes.

"When I came round, which the men told me I did in a few minute, I heard what had happened. The noise had been heard and the camp roused. When the men rushed in they had found me in the coils of a half-grown anaconda measuring fully twelve feet long.

"The snake had been slashed by their knives and shot at, but had made its escape through a window, by which it must have entered. Canada Jack was lying on the floor dead, with his neck broken.

"The party now resolved to give chase to the anaconda, and I was able to join them. The serpent had been badly wounded, so that it was easy to follow the bloody trail. It led straight to White's cabin. On entering we found the anaconda nearly dead, and it was soon despatched.

"On examining the cabin we found under the floor a great hole, which was covered over with boards. This excavation had not only been the lair of the snake, but the receptacle of the plunder which had been taken by White from the monster's unfortunate victims.

"Too idle to work, and too cowardly and weak to rob by himself, the man whom we had lynched had trained this fell accomplice to do his murderous work. Whether White had ever meditated an attack upon Absolon, and had brought the anaconda at some time or other to the store with that intent, and so it had made its way back, or whether after his death it had gone in search of food, was of course, never known."

THE SPOTS ON THE MOON.—The Swedish peasantry explain the lunar spots as representing a boy and girl bearing a pail of water between them, whom the moon once caught up in her horns, and carried off into the heavens; a legend current also in Icelandic mythology. A German tale says that a man and a woman stand in the moon, the man because he strewed briars one Sunday morning in the church path, the woman for making butter on the same day.

The Dutch have it that the unhappy man was caught stealing vegtables. The natives of Ceylon have a hare, instead of a man, in the moon, the hare having achieved that high honor by jumping into a fire to roast himself for the benefit of Buddha. The Chinese represent the moon by a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. Their mythological moon is figured by a beautiful young woman, with a double sphere behind her head, and a rabbit at her feet. An Australian legend says the moon was a native cat, who fell in love with someone else's wife, and was driven away to wander ever since.

Among the Esquimaux the sun is a maiden and the moon is her brother; and the Khasias of the Himalaya say that the moon falls every month in love with his mother-in-law, who throws ashes in his face, whence his spots. The Malays believe that the moon is a woman, and the stars are her children.

CHINESE CRIMINALS.—In various parts of China there is a belief that the souls of very atrocious criminals who have either been executed or died in prison are sent back from Hades by Yenlo, the judge there, to undergo a further term of imprisonment, one death not being enough to expiate their crimes. "When the second term of imprisonment is judged to have expired, the district magistrate beseeches the tutelary deity of the city to accompany him to the prison in order to acquaint the ghost with his release. The order is supposed to reach the imprisoned by burning it, a ceremony which is solemnly carried out in the jail. On August 19 last [illegible] district magistrate of the city of S[illegible]chow had placards posted up inviting subscriptions of imitation money for the ghosts then in the city jail. This was all duly burned, and thus converted into currency, which would be useful to the ghosts on the long journey before them."

"THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE."—St. Keyne or St. Keyna was the daughter of Brageanus, prince of Garthmadrin. Keyna refused all offers of marriage and vowed herself to virginity. She retired to a spot near the Severn, and there, by her prayers, turned the serpents, with which the place abounded, into Ammonites. She afterwards took up her abode at Mount St. Michael, and there she caused a spring of healing waters to burst from the earth.

The legend runs that whoever drinks first of this water after marriage becomes the ruling power in the house. Southey in his poem "The Well of St. Keyne" verifies the following story: A Cornishman took his bride to church, and the moment the ring was on ran up the mount to drink of the mystic water. Down he came in full glee to tell his bride; but the bride said: "My good man, I brought a bottle of water to church with me, and drank of it before you started."

He that knows his own weak points can shield them from attack, but he that is ignorant of them exposes them to the enemy.

IF WORK AND AMOUR.

From Brownsburg, Ind., comes the story (true, of course), that a young lady sent a note to a discarded lover, requesting the return of a lock of hair, which, in the wholesome hour of courtship, he had clipped from her dainty tresses. Rummaging his trunk he collected a number of locks, culled from various "best girls" during his love-making career, and forwarded them in a bundle to the girl, inclosing a note to the effect that he had really forgotten which was hers, but she might select it from those forwarded, and return the rest at her convenience.

A curious museum has been opened at Dresden. In it are collected boots, shoes, and slippers, which Emperors, Kings, Queens, Princes, and other famous persons have worn. Among them are a pair of boots worn by Napoleon I., at the battle of Dresden, April 27, 1813, and a pair of white satin shoes, embroidered in gold, which the same great Emperor wore on the day of his coronation; another pair of strong leather boots which belonged to the famous French Marshal Murat, afterward King of the two Sicilies; a pair of high heeled boots of Maria Theresa; boots of the philosopher, Kant, etc.

The Czar spends a very little time in his study, as he is more afraid of his stoutness than of political plots, and is consequently in the habit of receiving his Ministers in the grounds, walking up and down an avenue while listening to their reports; he frequently adds his initial "A" to an important document by holding it against a tree, and hence it is rather indistinct at times. The Czar is by no means quick in signing deeds, and in many cases numbers of those neatly written specimens of Russian caligraphy are returned without signature, and then the "court caligraphers," who outdo in their art the monks of old, have to do their work over again.

Says a St. Louis undertaker: The daily death list in the newspapers is consulted by more people than those who have an idle curiosity to know who is dead. During a campaign candidates for office are anxious to attend funerals that are liable to congregate men of influence. A certain class of lawyers are on the lookout for damage suits. Tombstone dealers take notes with a view to business in the future. Insurance agents make a memorandum to call upon the surviving relatives in due time. The keepers of the beer houses out near the cemeteries gauge their orders according to the outlook for the day. The class who want free carriage rides scan the column attentively.

The directors of the Spanish railway may be good men of business, but they are certainly not students of human nature. A few months ago the inside of a new railway car was put before them; divided into small elegant departments, each furnished with two seats and a small table to be reserved for the special use of couples on their wedding tour. Innocent of the well-known fact that newly married couples are always nervously anxious not to appear what they are, the delighted directors ordered some "honeymoon cars," and for some time past one of them has been attached to every express train, with the result that not a single couple have yet made use of the special accomodation.

A wedding among the fishing population of New Haven, England, is a novel affair. The men dress themselves in white duck trousers and blue coats, with brass buttons. They form a line and headed by two fiddlers, march to the home of the groom and escort him to the bride's residence. He usually wears a silk hat, with long streamers attached. After the ceremony the line of men and women, the fiddlers playing, march to a hall, where a banquet is given. At this banquet each one pays his share, for the newly married couple would not be able to entertain so many. Often 50 or 200 attend. The ceremony is usually performed be ween 7 and 9 in the evening, and dancing continues until nearly morning. The men usually take the name of their wives."

The young Queen Regent of Spain wins the love of the peasant folk by her solicitude for the children of the poor. It is her habit to pay visits to outlying villages and hamlets, and to distribute to the rustic little ones warm clothing, pretty playthings, and sweetmeats. The Queen who is staying at St Sebastian, may at dark be seen clad in black, followed at a distance by a carriage, making her way on foot through the streets and entering shops, visiting those especially which are devoted to supplying the needs of children. Gradually the carriage gets filled up with dolls, whips, carts, drums, etc. The little children of Spain enjoys the advantage of being under the sway of the mother of a king who is a child like themselves. The simplicity of the Queen's habits, and of those which she imposes upon her train, gives a charm to the life at court, which used to be mournfully pompous and artificial. The Infanta Eulalie is staying at a farmhouse among peasant folk, gaining strength after her illness, drinking milk warm from the cows, and leading the free, open-air life of the fields.

In the eye of that Supreme Being to whom our whole internal frame is uncovered, dispositions hold the place of actions.

Our Young Folks.

THE BROKEN WINDOW.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

CRASH! smash! There was a noise of glass breaking; then silence; then the sound of boys' voices of boys feet running down the lane; and next a startled cry. Then old Dame Crumpleton, who lived in a cottage close by, came hobbling out of the underwood, holding a boy fast by the collar of his coat.

"That's the second window you boys have broken; but this time I've caught you," she grumbled. "It was indeed fortunate that I came home just then. You thought you were running away from the old woman, old you? But you made a great mistake, you ran right into her instead."

As she spoke she reached the cottage door, lifted the latch, and marched the boy into the room.

"Now, Mark Huffman, I shall put an end to the annoyances I receive from you boys by making an example of you," she said. "You stay here whilst I go first to your mother and then to the Squire. It is a great shame you boys do not know how to behave."

Directly she mentioned his mother Mark found his tongue.

"I did not break your window, granny; I assure you I didn't."

"You were throwing stones," interrupted the old lady.

"But I did not throw at your window," said Mark.

"Well, someone did, and you are the one caught. How will you prove that it was not your stone?" asked the old lady as she prepared to go out again.

"I don't know; but wait a minute," said Mark. "Don't go to my mother; she's very ill, indeed and the worry will make her worse."

"I can't help that," said the old lady. "Look at my window."

"Will you be content if I pay for your window?" asked he, feeling that anything would be better than making a fuss and worry for his mother, and resolving in his own mind to find out for himself which boy it was who threw the stone that had done the mischief and to make him pay for it.

The old lady hesitated, and at first would not hear of it, but Mark pleaded, and finally it was agreed that if he brought twenty-five cents before the week was over nothing more would be said about it.

Mark, at last released walked away, feeling very worried. His mother would not be troubled, but the question was, where should he get the money?

As soon as he could, he asked all the boys if they knew whose stone had broken the window, each one denied it, and Mark plainly saw that he would have to find the money somehow.

One morning, a day or two afterwards, the boys on their way to school were astonished to see a big notice outside the blacksmith's door. This notice had been put up by Mark, whose father was the village smith, and this is how it read:

"Portraits taken every evening from seven to nine. Price 5 cents."

That same evening when seven o'clock came there was quite a crown around the smithy door; for every one was curious to see what it meant, and who was the artist who was going to take the photographs.

Mark admitted six boys, and at once set to work.

He fastened a large sheet of paper on the door, put a strong light in front of it, and then placed a boy between the light and the door so that the shadow of his side face was thrown on the paper.

Then Mark carefully drew over the outline with black chalk, put in a little shading touched it up when the paper was taken from the door, and the portrait was finished.

Mark had a very steady hand, and a decided talent for drawing, so that the result was in most cases a fairly good likeness.

The boys thought it wonderful, and one after another paid their half-dimes. Then some of the older people came so that he was quite busy.

At last the boys were finished, all but two; Caleb Arrowsmith and Jack Bridgeman. Caleb had waited because he did not mean to have his portrait taken; he had no money to pay for it.

Caleb was a lazy boy, and never earned a cent. He did not like work, in fact he did not like anything, except perhaps his dog, a pretty little terrier, and to that he was very much attached.

As he sat watching Mark while he carefully drew the outline of Jack's shadow, Caleb was thinking, although he could not have his own portrait drawn, how much he would like to have the dog's.

"Now then, Caleb, you are the last," said Jack.

"I don't care about it, thank you," said Caleb.

"Don't—fiddlestick!" said Jack. "Have you no money?"

Caleb colored, and calling to his dog, he turned away.

"I'll do it, just for practice, if you like," said Mark kindly.

"I don't want it," said Caleb crossly. "I don't care a bit about it."

Mark had been very successful, and he had already earned sufficient money to pay for the window, therefore he was in capital spirits, and not in the humor to quarrel with anyone.

"Very well," he said, "if you don't like it you needn't have it done. Shall I do the dog's?"

Caleb's face flushed with pleasure; it was very evident indeed how much he would like that.

Mark saw that he was pleased, and at once set to work, and sent Caleb away happy.

As he was going home with Jack he said curiously:

"Why does Mark want the money? I wonder what it is for."

"For the window, of course," said Jack. "Don't you know he promised Dame Crumpleton to pay for it? I don't believe he broke it either," he added, after a minute, as Caleb made no remark, "I think the fellow who did break it is a——"

Jack said no more, for he found himself alone; Caleb had run off.

Mark was very busy all the week, and when the eventful Saturday arrived, he walked to Dame Crumpleton's with a light heart and a heavy pocket.

He had earned over a dollar, and was able to keep his promise. Besides, had he not saved his mother from being worried when she was so unwell?

But when he produced the twenty-five cents and offered them to the old lady he was greatly astonished to find the money refused.

Dame Crumpleton declared that she did not want it; she had been paid once for the broken window already.

Mark did not understand it at all, but could get nothing out of the old lady, and returned home quite puzzled and surprised.

Another surprise was in store for him, however; a far greater one.

He had determined to spend his money on a dog, and when he went into the market town to buy one, what was his astonishment to see Caleb's dog offered for sale.

At first he thought it had been stolen, and then another explanation suggested itself to him. In a moment he understood it all. He bought the dog at once. Then he sent for Caleb, and asked him to lend him his dog for a model. Poor Caleb broke into tears, and with many sobs he told his story.

It was as Mark thought. Caleb had broken the window, but had been afraid to say so, although he was very sorry for it. But Mark's kindness had been too much for him, and he had sold his beloved dog to pay Dame Crumpleton.

Before he had finished the story, however, Mark had fetched the dog; then there was indeed a licking and kissing, and barking and talking. I don't know which was the happier, Caleb, Mark, or the dog.

It was not long before Caleb earned some money; and paid Mark back: but it was a very long while before those two boys fell out; indeed, they are the greatest friends to this day, for all I know.

A NERVOUS BEAR.

BY D. KER.

"OH, dear, how that horrid whistling goes through my head," said a golden-haired child, struggling to contort her forehead into a frown.

"Come here, little 'Mocking Bird,'" said Uncle Harry, taking the little girl upon his knee. "I suppose you have heard your wonderful big brother talk like that; but do you know my life was once saved by whistling. Would you like me to tell you the story of it?"

"Do, uncle, *do*!" cried half-a-dozen voices at once from different parts of the sitting-room.

Instantly there was a general rush for chairs and stools, and in a second Uncle Harry had several little arms around his neck, and two or three curly heads nestling against his knees, while the "Mocking Bird" remained cuddled up in his arms.

"Well, children, this was how it happened. When I was in India I was very fond of hunting bears. Bear hunters, you know, have to get up very early, in the pitch dark, and hide in the rock near the bear's den, where they watch for the big bear of the family, who comes back about dawn after feasting all night.

"I was usually so bent upon my hunting that I firmly refused all invitations to dinners and dances, and always went to bed early, so as to be up in good time the next morning. But on a certain evening one of our officers told of a startling adventure he had had with a bear the night before, and this set us all on to outdo him with more exciting tales (all made up, of course) so we set up half the night.

"When I looked at my watch it was getting on to four o'clock, and I was afraid to go to bed, knowing I should oversleep myself if I did. I seized my rifle and started out to a cleft in the rock near a bear's den, where I knew there was an especially big brute.

"It was pitch dark, and very cold, and altogether it wasn't much fun waiting for an hour in one place, and so I began to think how foolish I was not to have had a nap in my cozy bed before turning out. Thinking of the delight of snoozing in that bed must have made me so desperately sleepy, that half instinctively I crept into a niche in the rock and—fell asleep.

"I woke up in a violent perspiration, and was trembling all over with fright, for I felt a hot foul breath hovering about my face, and a strong smell of what I knew to be a—bear.

"All the horrors of being crushed to death in the brute's terrible hug crowded upon me at once, and I knew that there was no escape, for I had let my rifle slip out of my hand in my sleep, and couldn't possibly find it in the dark.

"Suddenly it flashed across me that a loud whistle might frighten the creature, and send him off, so I set up a shrill pipe, and in a second it's hot breath and horrid smell were gone.

"When morning dawned, and I saw the marks of the beast's enormous paws all around where I lay, I felt most deeply thankful that bears have such sensitive nerves, and are so easily scared.

"So, you see, little 'Mocking Bird,' if there was no such thing as whistling you would not have old Uncle Harry to pet you and tell you tales."

ALL FOR THE BEST.

BY TIPKIN.

"COME with me, Rose," said five-year-old Ralph to four-year-old Rose; "I'll take you for a row."

"A row, Ralph? What do you mean? You have not got a boat."

"Well, you come and see," said Ralph; and Rose, with her dear old doll Kate in her arms, ran by his side.

There was no stream by Mile House, which was Ralph and Rose's home, so it would have been strange if Ralph could give Rose a row; but through the first great field they went, till at last they came to a large deal box which had low sides, while a piece of wood ran through the midst of it.

"This is my boat," said Ralph with pride. "You jump in at this end, and I will at that, and this big stick shall be my oar. Isn't it real fun?"

Yes, it was great fun, for this was quite a new game that old Smith, one of the farm-men, who was fond of Ralph and Rose, had thought of, and it was he who had found this old box in an outhouse, and brought it to the field for Ralph and Rose to play with.

For a long time they sat in it, but Kate (the doll) would lean so on the edge of the boat that Rose had to scold her, and tell her if she did not take more care she would fall in the stream, and then she would drown, and how would she like that?

But Kate said not a word.

"Let's get out now," said Rose at last. But Ralph did not want to do so, and Rose and Kate left him.

They went to the fence, from which they could see all that went up and down the road.

Just as Rose got up to it she saw a great van come up, and at its back were a lot more. She ran to Ralph and said, "Oh! do come and look, there are such a lot of vans on the road. What can they be?"

And Ralph got out of his boat and ran too.

With these vans came a small crowd of boys and girls, and from some of the vans came sounds of low growls and groans. Ralph soon found out from some of the boys what were in these vans.

They were wild beasts, and a show was to be held in a tent not far from Ralph's and Rose's home.

"Oh, I wish that Aunt Sue would take us to see it," said Ralph; "let's run in and ask her if she will."

And run in they did; but Aunt Sue said "No," she did not like to take them to see wild beasts in a tent; they might be quite safe, but she could not feel sure of it, and it was too great a risk to run. "But cheer up, my pets, you shall see some wild beasts some day, and I will think how it can best be done."

But Ralph would not cheer up. It was sad to see what a frown came on his brow, and how cross he was to Rose.

It was not her fault; but you might have thought it was if you had seen him push her back when she went up to him to give him a kiss and said "Don't let us mind, we shall see them some day."

"Of course you don't mind," he said; "you're a girl, and don't care for such things. When I'm a man I shall have to shoot wild beasts, so of course I ought to see what they are like."

Poor Rose, this was hard on her, for she did wish to see the show just as much as Ralph did, but Aunt Sue said that they should some day, and she knew she would keep her word.

And so she did, for the next day at 8 o'clock she told them she meant to take them to see the Zoo.

Oh, this was a treat! How they did laugh and talk in the train, and what lots of times they thought that they had come to where they must get out, and still the train went on.

It was a fine day, but the wind was high, but they did not mind that.

When they got out of the train they drove in a cab to the Zoo. Aunt Sue bought a guide-book at once, to find out the best way to go, and the first way they went led them to see all kinds of strange birds who stood on one leg, and wild pigs who ran up and down their pen with low grunts and snorts.

Then they went to the large glasshouse, which was full of apes, and one of them meant to pull off Ralph's hat, when Aunt Sue saw him just in time, and made him come out of the way.

Then how this ape did grin and try to talk, just as if he thought it was a great joke.

The next things they went to see were the great white bears from the cold lands of the north, and then the brown bears. Some of these stood up to beg for cakes, and I am sure they were glad when Ralph and Rose threw them in some bits.

But they could not stay there too long for there were such lots more birds and, beasts to see.

The wind grew more and more strong and high, so strong, in fact, that it was soon quite a gale, and Aunt Sue made up her mind she would get home as soon as she could.

They did not have to wait long for a train, and were soon on their way back once more.

When they got to Dale they found the gale was worse than it had been in town. They saw lots of trees had been torn in two, and some of them thrown up by the roots.

There was but one cab, and that Aunt Sue took at once. The streets of Dale were clear, but as they got near the field where the wild beast show was held there was a great noise, lots of shouts and screams.

The cab went on fast, and then was brought to a stop, and Aunt Sue leant out of it to find out what all this noise meant. She could see a crowd stood near the vans, which had been drawn up in a ring, and then a large tent had been put up.

But the top of the tent all hung on one side; the great pole which was put up in the midst had come down on the top of one of the vans. Then there had been a fight and a push for the crowd to get out.

They did not know what the noise of the pole as it fell meant, and in dread that the wild beasts might in some way get out of their vans, they fled as fast as they could. Yes, the crowd had got out safe, all but one child, who fell and on whom the mob trod and much hurt.

He was a friend of Ralph's, and lots of games and fun had they had in the past. If Ralph had had his way he might have been hurt as well; but he has learnt now to think when a wish of his has to be put on one side that "it must be for the best."

HAND IN THE EYE.—Nine persons out of ten with mud or any foreign substance in the eye will instantly begin to rub the eye with one hand while hunting for their handkerchief with the other. They may, and sometimes do, remove the offending substance; but more frequently they rub until the eye becomes inflamed, bind a handkerchief around the head, and go to bed.

This is all wrong. The better way is not to rub the eye with the grit in at all, but rub the other eye as vigorously as possible. A few years since (says a correspondent) I was riding on an engine.

The engineer threw open the front window, and I caught a grit that gave me the most excruciating pain. I began to rub the eye with both hands.

"Let your eye alone, and rub the other eye" (this from the engineer). "I know you doctors think you know it all, but if you will let that eye alone and rub the other one, the grit will be out in two minutes," persisted the engineer. I began to rub the eye, and soon I felt the grit down near the inner canthus, and made ready to take it out. "Let it alone, and keep at the well eye," shouted the doctor *pro tem*. I did so for a minute longer, and, looking in a small glass he gave me, I found the offender on my cheek.

Since then I have tried it many times, and have advised many others, and I have never known it to fail in one instance, unless it was as sharp as a piece of steel or something that cut into the ball, and required an operation to remove it.

SHE FOUND OUT AT LAST.—It takes a good deal to disturb the equanimity of a thoroughly well-ordered mind, as the following incident illustrates:—

An old lady, all her life a resident of a certain village, was one day sitting by her favorite window in an upper chamber of her house. The afternoon was warm, and she suddenly dropped asleep. The window was opened, and, ten minutes later she slipped forward and, to the horror of several persons who saw her fall, out of the window to the ground below.

When picked up she gathered herself together in an amazingly short time, glanced up at the window, and said, calmly—

"Well, well; I've often set at that winder an' wondered how it'd feel to go a-tumblin' out of it, an' now I know. Well, well! Queer how things turn out sometimes."

The fact that the old lady had turned herself out of the window gave her no concern, though she narrowly escaped being killed.

AMUSEMENTS.—As a rule, women are happier than men, because they take more pleasure in small things, little matters of needlework, little matters of social chat, little shopping or other matters, mere trifles of work or recreation.

Man is consumed by a certain ambition that gets no good out of the present and builds altogether on the future, and it is sure to wear a sombre hue in the long run and not yield much to joy when realized. The men who are constitutionally capable of enjoying small things and who have little hobbies wherewith to entertain themselves are cheerful and light-hearted.

MIGHT BE TEMPTED.—A gentleman who does not mind a joke at his own expense, says he went into a druggist's shop recently, and asked for some morphine. The assistant objected to give it without a prescription.

"Why," asked the would-be customer, "do I seem like a man who would kill himself?"

"I don't know," said the assistant; "but if I looked like you I should be tempted."

LOSS AND GAIN.

BY O. W.

I sorrowed that the golden day was dead,
Its light no more the country side adorning;
But whilst I grieved, behold!—the East grew red
With morning.

I sighed that merry spring was forced to go,
And doff the wreaths that did so well become her;
But whilst I murmured at her absence, lo!—
'Twas summer.

I mourned because the daffodils were killed
By burning skies that scorched my early posies;
But whilst for these I pined my hands were filled
With roses.

Half broken-hearted I bewailed the end
Of friendships than which none had once seemed nearer;
But whilst I wept I found a newer friend,
And dearer.

And thus I learned old pleasures are estranged,
Only that something better may be given;
Until at last we find this earth exchanged
For Heaven.

A MATTER OF FOOD.

A recent traveller to the Sandwich Islands gives the following account of an Hawaiian feast:

After an address of welcome by the king we are desired to sit down and fall to. We prepare to do so, when—hallo! where are the chairs? There are none, and if any were provided, what in the world would you do with them at a table that is raised not more than about six inches from the ground?

We look at the king. He has curled his legs up under him, and is seated tailor-wise upon the matting that is spread upon the earth around the festive board. We do in Honolulu as the Honoluluans do, squat ourselves like so many Turks about the table, and experience the sensation of having no feet whatever.

This Oriental and unaccustomed attitude being at last assumed we look about at the viands. They seem to consist chiefly of raw fish and piles of uninviting boiled leaves, interspersed with seaweed and live shrimps, which are cheerfully wriggling and hopping over the table-cloth.

We feel our appetite taking sudden leave: we only come to look on, anyway, we say; we never take anything to eat in the middle of the afternoon. A waiter brings us a dish, with the chamberlain's compliments; we look into it and see a raw crab lying on a bed of glistening seaweed.

"An excellent appetizer," the waiter says.

We "pass" on the uncooked crab, but try the seaweed. Concentrated iodine, with a dash of chlorine. Open that bottle of wine at once. A draught of the foaming liquid relieves us of the taste of this "excellent appetizer." Seaweed, forsooth! It is nothing less than sauer-kraut with delirium tremens.

A pile of boiled leaves before us is deftly opened by an attendant, and, behold, a delicious baked mullet, king of edible fishes partaking of which we declare that there is some merit in Hawaiian cookery after all.

Beside each plate stands a large calabash of 'poi,' the great dish of every native repast. It is made from the root of the taro—a sort of reed—which is ground into flour, beaten into dough with stone pestles, mixed with water and then allowed to ferment.

It is of a faded lavender color and looks like bill poster's paste—tastes like it, too, when the bill-poster has been careless and allowed it to sour. There is a mild flavor of mouldiness about "poi" which is much admired by natives, but which my palate is too little educated to appreciate.

It is made in three forms, which vary only in consistency, and are expressively described as "one-finger," "two finger," and "three finger" poi. The "one-finger" grade is the thickest, the "three-finger" the thinnest; to eat the latter and not smear oneself and one's neighbors is to attain the height of trencher ability in Hawaii.

It may be unnecessary to explain the mysteries of poi-eating any further—in the present instance the honored adage that "fingers were made before forks" is disregarded and the latter artificial utensils are employed.

We make but little impression on our calabashes of poi even with the assistance of dried fish and a pungent sauce made of the candlenut, which tasted like burned almonds, and continued so to taste four days after the "luau." The national dish remained insipid.

Others better endowed by nature, or with superior advantages in the way of gastronomic education, seemed to relish it hugely. I was filled with admiration at the exploits of a worthy native dame near by, who put away the quart calabashes of it in an awful and mysterious manner.

"Poi" is undoubtedly nutritious. The taro plant, from which it is made, will support a thousand men to the acre, and a taro field containing only forty square feet will keep a man for a year, "poi" and the taro-root, baked or boiled, being his principal food.

Another mass of boiled leaves, filling a large platter, is opened and discloses—pig. Charles Lamb himself would have rejoiced at seeing this Hawaiian modification of his favorite dish; the Hawaiians would make a niche for him in their Pantheon if they had ever heard of his glorification of their esteemed edible.

The pig is almost a fetich in Hawaii; he is credited with supernatural sagacity; is accounted, when given by man to man, as the most delicate expression of friendship, and is the choicest expression of love and fealty that the subject can ever offer to his king.

His baking is as solemnly considered and carried out as any sacrificial rite. He has been dispatched with all possible tenderness, after a generous diet of "poi;" his incipient bristles are delicately removed, and his internal machinery dished up as a particularly agreeable mouthful; he is washed and cleansed and laid out white and innocent for the fire.

A hole is then dug in the ground and lined with glistening banana and "ti" leaves; red-hot stones are placed therein and others fill the interior of the pig. He is placed upon a layer of leaves, two or three pails of water are turned upon him, vegetables and seaweed are packed about him, the earth is replaced and he is left to steam and bake until the time set for the "luau" arrives.

Delicious is he when served up at the table; as pure and savory a piece of meat as any man would wish to sit down to. We try the pig and pronounce him very good.

REAL repentance of heart and life is impossible without love, but this last is not conceivable where the trust of faith is wanting. So this belief first causes desire and courage and power for a daily renewed repentance, which brings forth the fruits of the new obedience. On the other hand, too, the penitent sorrow is not merely calmed by faith, it is also increased, because in proportion as we believe in a higher love, and experience a richer mercy, we shall feel the more sorrow on account of the enormity of evil.

Grains of Gold.

Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.

Truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

If you would be good, first believe that you are bad.

The amenities of life make the true beauty of living.

Truth, like roses, often blossoms upon a thorny stem.

We are as liable to be corrupted by books as by companions.

And let me tell you that every misery I miss is a new blessing.

True blessedness consisteth in a good life and a happy death.

Good breeding is like affection, one cannot have too much of it.

The light of the understanding, humility kindleth and pride covereth.

Uttered out of time, or concealed in its season, good savoreth of evil.

The power of forgiveness is the noblest attribute in the human character.

He who seeks repentance for the past should woo the angel virtue for the future.

As "unkindness has no remedy at law," let its avoidance with you be a point of honor.

Man's hearts ought not to be set against one another, but set with one another and all against the evil thing.

But a perverse temper and a fretful disposition will, wherever they prevail, render any state of life whatsoever unhappy.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles: the less they have in them the more noise they make pouring it out.

Femininities.

Red and violet do not accord well.

Hand-painted coal scuttles are all the fashion.

Use a warm knife in cutting warm bread and the like.

Learn to govern yourselves and to be patient and gentle.

A paste of whiting and benzine will remove spots from marble.

It requires more courage not to strike back than it does to strike.

Orange and yellow accord incomparably better than red and orange.

Dried lavender, put up in muslin bags, make the nicest scent for linen.

A Chicago paper invites answers to the question: "Is Divorce a Failure?"

A new idea is bonnets made entirely of strips of ribbon with fancy edges.

A salt ham should be soaked over night in plenty of soft water previous to boiling.

No cosmetics are so capable of enhancing beauty as the smile of good-temper and a desire to please.

Opals are coming into fashion again, as nothing, it is now argued, can be unlucky that is beautiful.

Several romances, it is said, have grown out of the custom of leaving visiting cards on poet's graves in Europe.

An American Bishop in England was cabled recently to know if he would be home in time to marry a certain couple.

A Chinese gentleman always sends a pair of geese to the lady of his choice, as they are the emblems of conjugal fidelity.

There are two periods in a woman's life when she does not love to talk. When one is we never knew, and the other we have forgotten.

Mrs. Leon A. Dam, the latest Chinese belle to arrive in New York, is said to have feet only an inch and a half long by half an inch in width.

In the best social circles the ridiculous will sometimes happen. A wedding had to be postponed the other day because the bride-elect had the mumps.

When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue tight stays, and always go warmly clad in cold weather.

The Sultan has just had 130 ladies of the seraglio vaccinated. The ladies were concealed behind a screen, putting their arms through a slit for the operation.

It must be pretty hard for a woman to lead "in fashion." Out of 500 toilets and 700 hats surveyed on a recent afternoon no two were alike, while all were fashionable.

A newly married Aroostook pair return thanks for their many elegant presents in a card signed by them and published in the local newspaper. This is real gratitude.

Rumor has it that the old-fashioned corsets, lacing at the back, are to come into fashion again, and staymakers of the old school will be hunted up to shape us out anew.

Dinners are spoken of where living canaries fly out of the pies, and where bouquets of choice flowers, hooped with diamond rings, are placed at the plate of each guest.

The highest officer in Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands, the representative of the King, is always a woman. She is appointed by the King, and holds her position at his pleasure.

Turkish bread is always baked in large sheets about the size of a school atlas, and after baking it is rolled up like a map, wrapped in a towel, and laid away with the Koran and other household relics for future use.

The farm wife has been the drawer of water, the hewer of wood—in actual fact, very often—and the servant of all, even of the hired man; to cook, mend and wash for him, to wait upon him, and to do all this at times for several of them.

A woman at Americus, Ga., fell asleep during a recent Sunday-evening service, and didn't wake up till everybody had departed and the door was locked. She remained in that predicament three days before she was discovered and released.

"I hope our chatter does not disturb you, sir," said a young lady to a gentleman who was composedly reading a paper in the midst of the hubbub caused by a half dozen school girls. "Oh, not at all," was the reply. "I have eight daughters of my own."

The best test for distinguishing false gems from diamonds is to look through the gem at the point of a needle or a small hole in a card. If the stone appears double it is not a diamond. All colorless gems, with the exception of the diamond, cause double refraction.

In what months do people marry? A country minister in New England has married 98 couples. Of these 17 were married in December, 14 in September, 9 in January, 8 each in June and October, 7 in March, April, May and November, 6 in August, and 4 each in February and July.

Miss Carrie Miller, a young lady of Lexington, S. C., died recently under distressing circumstances after many months of excruciating suffering. About a year ago her mother had a jug of wine and one of lye in the same pantry. The young lady poured out a glass of wine (as she thought) and tasted it, but it proved to be the lye instead.

The habit, when sewing, of biting off threads, instead of cutting them with a scissors, is bad for either natural or artificial teeth, and soon necessitates repairs. The edge of the teeth becomes very rough when thread is bitten off many times at the same place on the tooth, as is liable to be the case, for all the muscular force exerted by the jaws is centred upon the small space measured by the width of a thread.

Masculinities.

A Wisconsin man married his mother in-law.

He who does evil that good may come pays a toll to the Devil to let him into heaven.

A chimney plastered on the inside with clay mixed with salt will not fill up with soot.

He who is the most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.

The rage for the antique continues. A blushing girl of 19 has just married a widower of 73.

If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven this world would be.

A prominent and wealthy couple of Liberty, Mo., are to be divorced because the husband objects to living with a religious wife.

A good many fables begin "Once on a time." Oddly enough, too, when married men have once been on a time they are apt to invent fables.

A man having bought a thousand Havana cigars, was asked what he was carrying. "Tickets to a course of lectures to be given by my wife!" he replied.

Emma: "Reggy, darling, when we are married, you will not smoke in the house, will you?" Reggy: "No, love; the fellows will expect me at the club, you know."

Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by prayers and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

A social sensation in London is that an heir to a baronetcy who recently eloped with a London barmaid, has been received with his bride into the bosom of his family.

No love is so intense as that of the 18-year-old youth for the 28-year-old girl. He gets over it, of course, but while it's in motion it's 60 miles an hour, including stops.

A man who broods over his troubles is like a hen on a nestful of back-numbered eggs. There's only one chance in a hundred that he will ever hatch anything, but he keeps on at it just the same.

"If a lady is beautiful, my son," said a latter day Lord Chesterfield, "never fail to refer to her beauty." "What am I to do if the lady is plain?" enquired the junior. "Just the same!" was the reply.

A Thirteen Club, composed of bachelors, was recently formed in Tekahma, Neb., and already every member is married. This fact is supposed to have some bearing on the superstition that 13 is an unlucky number.

Several young men in Montgomery, Ala., have decided to try housekeeping without marrying. They have clubbed together and have rented a house, which they call "Bachelor's Retreat," and have hired servants.

An amateur angler, in New York, who started from home the other morning for a day's sport out of town, was found that evening trying to catch fish in one of the city sewers. He had been imbibing too freely, it is explained.

A Bachelors' Club organized at Bentonville, Ark., is to impose a heavy fine on members unmarried at the end of 1888, excepting those who can give satisfactory evidence that they have proposed and been rejected three times during the year.

The fashion in Boston is for gentlemen who have been present at weddings in the morning to wear their favors on their manly breast the balance of the day—in the streets, in the parks, and even in the evening at the theatres. Fashion has curious ways of asserting itself.

Wedding rings were not always the plain bar of gold they are now. Sometimes they were adorned with precious stones, and posies or words engraved inside. Here is one singularly suitable to a wedding ring, adorned with clasped hands: "Not two but one, till life be gone."

"George," she said, "before we were married you were always bringing me rings and breastpins and vinaigrettes and things like that. Why don't you ever bring me anything now?" "My dear," replied George, "did you ever hear of a fisherman feeding bait to a fish he had caught?"

Mother-in-law, who is going home after a visit of six months: "Have we plenty of time, Witherspoon? I musn't get left." Mr. Witherspoon, dubiously: "Well, it's ten minutes walk to the station, and the train will leave in about an hour and a half. To be on the safe side, I think we had better start at once."

"Miss Maud," he said, "I have come in this evening to ask you a question, and I have brought a ring with me. Now, before you try it on, I want to tell you that if you feel inclined to be a sister to me I will have to take it back, as my father objects to my sisters wearing such large diamonds." And Maud said she would keep the ring.

Giles Clayborne, a Vermont farmer, offers to sell his wife. In a circular advertising her merits he says: "Height, 5 feet 5; age, 27; form, finely developed; hair, brown and luxuriant; eyes, large and hazel-colored; hands and feet about the usual size; temper, bad." The last quality is supposed to be the cause of this unique procedure.

"No man," says a New Orleans paper, "ever worries or thinks about his reputation or character until he knows he ought to lose both. The man with no good character is most ready to fight for his honor. A wild man in a barroom shouts loud and says he is a gentleman. He fears people will not quickly notice what sort of a gentleman he is."

An agent for a patent churn went to Oglethorpe, Ga., recently and stopped at Colonel Joe Baugn's to sell him one. The churn agent was informed that Mr. Baugn was cleaning out the well, and if he wanted to see him he would have to go down. The agent got in the bucket and found the Colonel at the bottom. Colonel Baugn bought the churn and signaled the man at the top to draw the agent up, and not to let anyone else come down unless it was a lightning-rod man.

Recent Book Issues.

"Autrefous' Tales of Old New Orleans and Elsewhere," by J. A. Harrison, is volume 16 of Cassell's Sunshine Series of Choice Fiction. It is a strong book, the various sketches being full of marked originality and power. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

"Clover," by Susan Coolidge, who stands among the first of woman writers of home stories, is a domestic tale, full of reflections of real life. "Clover" is just such a girl as might exist in any well-ordered household, and the comparatively commonplace incidents in her life and character, have as much interest and more value than many works weighted down with the sensational and sombre. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground." This pathetic and beautiful poem, by Stephen Collins Foster, now appears in a rich new edition, as a holiday volume, for the first time illustrated and set forth with all the resources of art, in beautiful and appropriate pictures, illuminated lettering, the music of the song, etc. It is the perfection of a plantation ballad of the old days, simple, earnest, pathetic, and sweet. A neater and prettier book in all respects never came out of artistic hands. Published by Taknor & Co., Boston. For sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The October number of *The English Illustrated Magazine* is especially notable for the two serials that have their opening chapters in this number. The first is by F. Marion Crawford, "Sant' Ilario," and the other is by Stanley J. Weyman, entitled "The House of the Wolf." Another interesting feature is the first of a series of valuable articles by F. Ryland, about Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur." This is beautifully illustrated. There are two other profusely illustrated articles: "John Hoppner and His Time," by Walter Armstrong," and "A Dead City," of St. David's, by James Baker, illustrated by Walter Crane. The new volume opens brilliantly. Macmillan & Co., publishers, New York.

The American Magazine for October opens with a notable article, which will be read with deep interest by every man in the country who has a taste for military matters. It is by Walter G. Wilson, and gives an exhaustive history of the famous Seventh Regiment of New York, profusely illustrated with portraits and other engravings. This is followed by a fully illustrated paper on "The Orinoco River," by W. F. Hutchinson, M. D.; another interesting illustrated article, by Jno. R Chapin, describes a summer drive through "The Valley of the Connecticut." There are two good short stories and a generous instalment of Mary Agnes Tincker's serial. The other articles present an excellent variety of entertaining and instructive matter. The American Magazine Pub. Co., New York.

The November number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* opens with the serial story, "Comrades Once," and it is followed by an admirable description of "Japanese Homes and Their Surroundings." The author of "How to be Happy, Though Married," contributes the second of his papers on "The Love Affairs of Some Famous Men." "The Art of Type-Writing" is described, and the Rev. S. Baring-Gould gives some amusing extracts from "A Preacher's Jest-Book." The "Family Doctor" talks on the general subject of being "Out of Order." "England's Treasure Island in the West," by which is meant Vancouver's Island, is described with pen and pencil. A generous instalment of the serial, "For the Good of the Family," is given. A paper on 'Some Things We Say and Do in America." speaks well for the honesty of the community at large. A second instalment of the papers on the "Triumphs of Trade" follows, then comes a short story in two chapters, and the fashions for the month. "The Gatherer," which is, as usual, full of interesting information, brings the number to a close. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The November number of *The Popular Science Monthly* deals with many subjects of live and substantial interest. The first article is on "The Effects of Protection," by Charles S Ashley. "Altruism Economically Considered," by Charles W. Smiley, is a vigorous indictment of those alms-givers who are too lazy to give judiciously. Mr. W. J. McGee tells what is known about the earliest inhabitants of America, in an illustrated article entitled, "Paleolithic Man in America: his Antiquity and Environment." Two other illustrated articles in this number are, one on "Problematic Organs of Sense," and another on "Ainu Family life and Religion. Prof. N. S. Shaler contributes an account of "Habits of the Great Southern Tortoise." "Everyday Life of Indian Women," "The Problem of a Flying Machine," and "The Prolongation of Human Life" are all excellent articles. Some curious observations on "Sun-Power and Growth" are described by J. Stinde, and Dr. Oswald contributes one of his zoological sketches about "Four-Handed Sinner." A portrait is given of Edward Atkinson, with a sketch of his life, and his work in economic science. The departments are full of choice bits of scientific knowledge. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

THE only Complexion Powder in the world that is without vulgarity, without injury to the user, and without doubt a beautifier, is Pozzoni's.

EASTERN MAGICIANS.

IT would be difficult, though interesting, to trace the very early practice of magic. It flourished we know from Scripture, more than fifteen hundred years before Christ; and according to ancient and reliable secular history for more than double that period.

To this day in our own country there are to be found "wise women" just as there were under the old Hebrew kings and their contemporaries and predecessors.

To this day in India the native fakir will, or will appear to, cause the spirits of the dead to rise and reply to questions, just as the Witch of Endor did in the case of Samuel.

Undoubtedly, with us at any rate, most people disbelieve in magic; some on principle, some from conviction, some—and these the great majority—because it never occurs to them that it can be possible. Others as strongly believe in it.

Niebuhr describes how in Arabia he saw a magician deliberately pierce himself with sharp implements, which seemed from their nature to preclude the possibilities of any mechanical contrivance. A subsequent examination proved that the skin was actually lacerated, though no blood was visible.

The well-known Indian basket trick, can be done on the stage with all accessories and means to boot.

Well-arranged mirrors, a sponge filled with some preparation of sanguineous appearance, two victims instead of only one, and the ready "patter" of a clever conjurer, will account for the shrieking girl, the pierced basket on a seemingly ordinary four-legged stool, for the blood-stained sword, for the inexplicable disappearance, and for the unscratched victim bowing from a private box in the auditorium, all making up the Indian-basket trick.

But when this trick is performed in the open, where trap doors and mirrors are impossible, and where the apparently stabbed boy makes his reappearance and prior disappearance through a circle of beholders, the mystery is not so easy, and has not been, as a matter of fact, satisfactorily explained.

A French savant who wrote an elaborate treatise on occult science in India, and whose judicial position is sufficient guarantee of his *bona fides*, relates instances of the exercise of supernatural, or some other power on the part of the fakire which are simply incomprehensible.

A fakir called upon him, and agreed to give some proofs of his influence with Pitris or Intelligences. Seven flower pots were brought in filled with earth. In each a thin stick was stood, and on each stick was placed a fig leaf with a hole in the centre. The leaves naturally fell down to the surface of the pots.

The fakir, who was at some distance, now stretched out his hands towards the pots; presently the observer was conscious of a slight stir, though the day was perfectly still, then the leaves began to move slowly upwards on the sticks.

The narrator passed several times between them and the fakir, varied the experiment by placing the sticks upright on the floor, and tried in twenty different ways to discover the trick or disconcert the performer, who made no objection, but always the leaves moved upwards, stayed or descended in obedience to the gesture of the fakir's hand.

The same fakir lowered with a peacock's feather one balance in a pair of scales—brought haphazard from the kitchen—though in the other was a weight of a hundred and seventy pounds!

In the garden was an enormous bronze vase of water which it took two men to move. Standing at a distance the fakir made it approach him, afterwards merely resting the tips of his fingers on the edges made it sway backwards and forwards, the water remaining stationary.

Pieces of wood, such as a pencil lent by his companion, floated or sunk at will, or followed the motions of the operator's fingers, like children's toy ducks follow the magnet.

Many marvelous tales are told of the power which these Indians have of producing at will a complete rigor of the body. In some cases it is probable this is caused by repeated doses of bhang—a preparation from hemp; but the fakir above mentioned seemed to have been independent of external aid.

He rested a thin cane on the ground, and placing his hand on the top rose some two feet from the ground, his legs crossed beneath him and continued in that position for some minutes.

On another occasion when quitting the room he paused on the threshold, and with folded arms rose, himself, twelve inches from the floor, and remained stationary in mid-air for about eight minutes.

Some of the tricks may possibly be explained by a more thorough acquaintance with electrobiology than we possess.

We hear, for example, of Indian magicians who, by a motion of the hand, can so far influence a casual passer by as to prevent him from moving or speaking, and by a super-position of hands more or less prolonged can so firmly fix the lightest chair or table to the floor that no effort of the person directed shall be able to move it.

The feat of causing plants to grow in a few minutes is another which may be explained and performed by the aid of ingenious apparatus, but which, under conditions where apparatus is impossible, baffles comprehension.

Jacolliot cites an instance where twenty or thirty seeds of various sorts were brought him by his own servant. He selected one and marked it. The fakir planted it in a pot of earth, and with a muttered incantation threw himself into a cataleptic sleep, which lasted half an hour. At the expiration of that time he awoke, removed the covering which had been placed over the flower pot, and the seed sown had sprouted and grown several inches high.

To prove that this was the same seed, he handed it to his host, who recognized the marks he had made in it. The time which in the ordinary course of events would have been required for the seed chosen to grow as high would have been a fortnight.

A QUESTION OF STYLE.

In England no two guests are presented to one another save by mutual consent and an attempt is being made, by society leaders in New York, to follow a similar plan here; which leads a writer to remark:

Outside of ultra fashionable society, such a custom would seems anything but courteous, and we may believe that it will be confined to the exclusive few who make social advancement alone the main object of life.

Between this custom and that of introducing parties right and left upon every opportunity with more zeal and good nature than sense of fitness, there is a middle ground, a golden mean to be reached through the exercise of tact and observation.

She who is a neighbor and a stranger withal, silently appeals to the generous and amiable traits of those nearest her. But no unwritten law of etiquette makes it incumbent on the other to take the stranger into close friendship, and introduce her into the circle of the tried and true, until she be proven worthy, no matter if her husband's rent-roll be counted by the tens of thousands, or if in her veins runs the azure strain that betokens a noble pedigree.

The ordinary rules govering introductions are so well known as scarcely to be enlarged upon. It is understood that the younger person is to be presented to the elder, the gentleman to the lady, the stranger to the resident, always mentioning last the name of the one presented.

In introducing the kinsman or kinswoman mention the relationship, to prevent questions or remarks.

Before introducing two parties who live near to one another, it is the better way to find out first if it be mutually agreeable. One of the two may have reasons for not wishing to make acquaintances, trivial as they may be.

On presentation, a bow is all that is necessary; if the hand be offered it ought to be from the elder of the two, or from a lady when the other is a gentleman.

No matter how maladroit the introduction, neither haughtiness nor superciliousness will be shown by a true woman on such an occasion.

It costs little to be civil and put the other at ease, but it is a very expensive affair to be unladylike, or, what is the same thing, unwomanly.

It should cost the self-respect of her who lowers herself; it certainly does cause the mortification of the one presented, which every kind heart would wish to avoid. It shows that she who transgresses is not entitled to the rank accorded her.

THE NORWAY PEASANT.—There is little to connect the life of the peasant with the outer world; yet he is content with his simple and industrious existence.

Every peasant is a good carpenter, and some of those who devote their time especially to it turn out beautiful furniture—chairs, chests, bookshelves, writing bureaus, pigeon holes, and pretty tiny drawers and also sliding desks, all working smoothly and well, and sometimes curiously carved and inlaid, while the skilful polishing and blending of the woods make the common firs and birch used resemble more precious kinds unknown here—all done, too, with a scarcity of tools that would perplex the town workman.

For common jobs, a large, single-bladed knife, which every man and boy wears in a leather sheath at his side is all that is required. It will turn a plank into an oar, or a stick into a spoon, a wedge, knitting needle, or a crochet hook, or indeed into anything the household needs that can be made of wood.

This same "tolle kniv" is also used to cut his bacon and bread, and to spread the butter, trim the lamp—to do everything in short, except the work for which scissors are absolutely required.

Many of the women are accomplished spinners and weavers. An active women sitting at a loom steadily, can turn out as many as twenty yards in a long day.

The pay is about three pence a day, with food, or about three farthings an alen (two feet) without food—wages out of all proportion small. As for servants, an ungrown girl receives only her clothing, and a certain amount of payment in kind, and she continues to go to school; a boy receives low wages, and his boots, and various other things as arranged beforehand.

With grown-up servants the pay, which seems absurdly small, in money—about three pounds per annum—is increased by a sack of potatoes, one or two sheep, and other payments in kind, differing in various forms, two pair of boots being almost always included.

PURITY is the feminine, truth the masculine of honor.

MRS. PARTINGTON and her son Ike, it is said, both use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for colds.

EVERY traveling man should take with him a bottle of Salvation Oil. Price only 25 cents.

LOST TIME.—An English statesman, distributing the prizes at an English institution the other day, reminded the boys of the words of Lord Brougham:

"Be sure that every hour you squander here in unprofitable idleness will hereafter rise against you and create bitter and unavailing regret. You are about to join a profession or engage in commercial pursuit, and my experience is that those who work the hardest do the best in life. There were only a few men of genius, but clever men often relied too much on their ability, and were passed in the race by less brilliant men."

How true these words are! There are many human hares and human tortoises in our busy world, but the race is not always won by the swiftest. If we look back upon the long record of the earth's greatest men, we shall find that ninety-nine out of a hundred pushed their way to the front by sheer hard work. Our own school-day recollections will tell us the same thing. The brilliant lazy boy has over and over again played a second fiddle to his less gifted but more industrious companion.

SUDDEN DEATH FROM FEAR.—A German doctor of Munich, reports a case of sudden death from fear in a prisoner. It seems that a farm laborer, 66 years old, in a fit of anger struck another man on the head with a pitchfork, inflicting two wounds involving the skull. The injured man died of pyæmia. His assailant was imprisoned, and became extremely depressed and melancholy.

On January 30 he did not seem to be quite well, but first complained of illness on the next day, when he had to appear before the jury as defendant. Here he became so miserable that he had to be carried away, and had the appearance of a man moribund. The skin was cold; there was no pulse, but repeated attacks of fainting. He was taken to the hospital, where he died in 24 hours. At the autopsy his organs corresponded with the relatively good state of health which he had enjoyed before the occurrence just described, and no such changes were found, especially in the brain and heart, as could be charged as contributory to the direct cause of death.

FACT AND SENTIMENT.—Some one was talking recently about the sublime and the ridiculous, and was giving me examples of sudden descents from the one to the other. I suppose that the finest example of the kind on record is one which was furnished by Lord Byron. Every one knows the poem beginning, "Fare thee well, and if forever." Byron wrote it soon after his separation from his wife, and it is perhaps the most pathetic thing of the kind in the whole of our literature.

Well: it appears that during the very week in which it must have been written, Byron forwarded to Lady Byron a butcher's bill which had just been sent to him; and on the margin of which he had scribbled, "I don't think we had so much meat." Such was the comment of the man who professed to be "Sear'd in heart, and love, and blighted." I never read the poem now without involuntarily murmuring "Bosh!" M.S.

LADIES GAMBLING.—Gambling is a form of excitement that obtains year by year amongst ladies. Not only is it quite usual to see white faces with strained eager looks awaiting the finish of a big race at one of the popular meetings, but it is also not uncommon to see a clerk from a money-lending office in converse with a lady in a carriage, and of course driven up to the door of so questionable an establishment, after an evening or two at cards. Her friends will also fail to note the absence from her toilette of some well-known jewels, and their sudden reappearance when their owner has had a lucky week, either with her betting book, roulette, nap, or poker.

AN old dodge was tried with success by a smoker in New York. He lives at a boarding house, and recently placed a box of valuable cigars in his bureau drawer. Two days later he missed four of the cigars, and on the third day discovered that three more had mysteriously disappeared. Thereupon he wrote on a sheet of paper, which he placed within the lid of the box: "One of these cigars has been poisoned." The thief at once ceased his visits.

I WILL be mindful of truth, so long as I shall be able. Mayest thou grant me the truth, tell me the best to be done.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, October 22, 1888.

A BIG EDITION OF OUR ILLUSTRATED "Housekeeping Art" went out with a rush. Ten thousand more just here. Practical hints for beautifying the home and some price telling that will come handy. To be had in the Furniture Department or sent to your address for the asking.

THE NEW "WANAMAKER" PATTERNS IN TABLE Damask are $1.25 a yard. ⅝ Napkins to match, $2.25. The quality, style and price combine is remarkable, even among our remarkable Linens. That accounts for the name.

Cream German Damask, clean and clear, 64 inches wide, 50c. a yard. Five neat patterns. Matching Napkins $1 a doz. Honest Linen that grows on your liking with every wash.

A REMARKABLE COTTON QUILT. AS GOOD AS WE ever sold for $3; you shall have it for $2. One side extra quality Sateen, other genuine Turkey red. Stuffed with clean carded cotton. And two yards and six inches square. A pinched, beggarly quilt is as mean as a stingy Blanket. We don't keep either.

OCTOBER BOOK NEWS IS A FAIR SAMPLE OF WHAT the magazine has grown to be. The test of such a publication is what its readers think of it. For months past nearly every expiring BOOK NEWS subscription has been renewed. We ought to have a circulation of 20,000 or 30,000 instead of 10,000 or 12,000. When the readers of the country find out what it is costing them in money wasted and information missed to be without BOOK NEWS, we'll have 100,000. A year for 50 cents.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Humorous.

METHOD IN MODESTY.

He was such a pleasant fellow,
So polite, so polished, too:
Everywhere we went together,
He would murmur: "After you!"

Did we reach a door together,
He would never first go through;
He would wait and let me pass him,
Saying softly: "After you!"

Was there anything we wanted,
And was not enough for two,
He would always let me have it,
Always muttered: "After you!"

So it was on each occasion,
Whate'er the case might be;
He would never be the leader,
But was always after me.

He has borrowed fifty dollars,
May be 'tis a passing whim,'
But he has not since been heard of,
And now I am after him.

—U. N. Norm.

Fair trade—Fancy bazaars.

Good only when used up—The umbrella.

A touching sight—A small boy investigating a newly-painted door.

A machine for pressing hops has been invented. America is the home of the hop-pressed.

The difference between a man and a yacht is, the latter can go on a tack without swearing and the former cannot.

Figures never lie, but under skilful manipulation they may be induced to prevaricate to an extent that answers the purpose.

A New York brewer allows his employes 3 glasses of beer a day. We should think the brewer would have his hands full.

A medical journal tells people "how to catch a cold," but what they want to know is how to prevent a cold from catching them.

An exchange says: "Nobody knows where the flies go to." Perhaps not; but we know where people tell them to go to, though.

Woman, to tramp: "How's the soup?" Tramp: "'Tain't quite strong enough, ma'am. I wish you would wash a few more dishes in it."

Smith, deaf: "What is the matter, Jones?" Jones: "I've got the headache." Smith, who mistook it for the toothache: "Why don't you have it filled?"

The season of the year has arrived in Kansas when, says a local paper, a man who goes ten miles from home wants to take along at least three grades of underwear.

Magistrate: "So you admit having been engaged in making counterfeit money?" Prisoner: "Yes, your honor; you see the supply of the genuine article is so very, very short."

He, cautiously: "What would you do, Fannie, if I were to kiss you?" Fannie: "Nothing, Harry. What would there be for me to do? You could attend to it, couldn't you?"

Miss Ethel: "And so you are really engaged to Mr. Sampson, Clara?" Miss Clara, blushingly: "Yes, it all happened last evening, Ethel." Miss Ethel: "What a blessing to some leap year in, dear!"

"I can't imagine how you can dislike work; to me it's real enjoyment!" said the father to his lazy son. "Yes, pa," was the guileless response: "but I don't want to give myself up wholly to pleasure."

Customer, to head waiter: "Here, sir, this clumsy fellow has spilled over half of my cup of tea down my back." Head waiter, sternly, to clumsy waiter: "Bring this gentleman a full cup of tea instantly!"

A Boston boy was telling his father one day of a schoolmate's attempt to sing. "And time," said the 10-year-old, in deep disgust; "why, he didn't keep any better time than a cow when a dog is running after her."

According to the decision of medical men, it is doubtful if anybody was ever buried alive in this country. This is encouraging, and it is very creditable to the profession for the thorough manner in which they do their work.

Principal deacon: "Now, Brudder Johnsing, does yo' b'lieve in open or close communyun, sah?" Candidate, diplomatically, not knowing deacon's views: "Well, some likes it open, an' some closed, but fo' me, I say leave it ajar."

Polite clerk, showing goods: "Here, lady, is something I would like to call your attention to. The very latest thing out." Mrs. Rounder: "If there is anything out later than my husband I guess I will take it, if only for a curiosity."

Two men were in prison, the one for stealing a cow, the other for stealing a watch. "What o'clock is it?" said the cow-stealer to the other. "I haven't any timepiece handy; but I think it's most milking time!" was the retort.

Two vagrants called on a kind lady in the suburbs of New York. "To which of you two shall I give this nickel?" she asked. First tramp: "Give it to him, madam. He has purchased the route from me, and I am just taking him around to introduce him to the customers."

Minister: "So you don't believe the story about the loaves and fishes, Bobby?" Bobby: "N-no, sir." Minister: "My little boy believes it." Bobby: "Yes, but your little boy has been going to Sunday-school longer than I. He's had more practice in those things than I have."

"If you had turned your steps in the right direction, my friend," he said solemnly to the convict, "you would not be in this place to-day." "Ah, so, sir," responded the convict, with sad retrospection: "if I had turned my steps in the right direction I would be in Canada."

BARBERS.—Said a St. Louis barber to a reporter: "People have no idea how few there are who could become barbers by any amount of application. I have had nineteen apprentices at various times, only seven of whom are tonsorial artists. Some boys are too nervous to acquire the ability, and particularly cigaret'e smokers! Others are too lazy.

"Still others have not the suavenees necessary, for a successful barber must be a polite man. Others have not the essential mechanism or can not attain to the requisite lightness of touch. But morbid peculiarities are great factors in unfitting a candidate. For instance, I have just dismissed an apprentice because of his inordinate antipathy to warts.

"When a customer who is the possessor of a wart is down in a chair at the boy's mercy he shaves all round it with the utmost care; then a mischievous grin distorts his features, the expression being the funniest I ever saw, and he cuts off the wart. The customer rises and discovers his face bleeding terribly, and the result is a row and a lost customer."

No Use.—What a woman doesn't know about newspapers isn't worth knowing. The other morning Mrs. B. was talking to her husband.

"I notice by the paper that Mr. Jones died on Sunday."

"It is a mistake, my dear," replied the husband; "he died on Monday."

"But the paper said Sunday."

"I know it, but it was an error in the print."

"I thought so too, at first, but I got half a dozen copies of the paper, and it was the same in all of them. They certainly couldn't have made the mistake over and over again."

The husband tried to convince her, but it was no use, and he gave it up.

DAUGHTER (somewhat elderly)—"Mamma, I think Mr. Sampson intends to propose to-night." Mother—"Oh, I hope he will. He is desirable in every way." "If he does, mamma, ought I to be a little reserved and distant—just at first, you know?" "No, dear; I don't think you had better run any risks!"

A room in the basement of Leeds (England) Town Hall, in which stolen property is stored by the police authorities, was broken into by a burglar, who carried off several watches and other articles. The room adjoins the police offices and the cells, in connection with which the officials are on duty all day.

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Mrs. De Saussure will be at her residence, as above, after September 1st, where she will be pleased to meet the parents of pupils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

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Latest Fashion Phases.

The Directoire style gains ground steadily, and the long graceful draperies so long in vogue are decidedly yielding for the time in their favor. For evening dresses the crossed full corsage and the Empire sash or corselet are in the majority, and for outdoor wear the double-breasted Directoire redingotes with large revers are quite as much worn.

There is an attempt to let the figure have a little fair play, to let it assume more its natural proportions, and the result is a decided increase in grace and lightness.

Directoire redingotes are made of silk or cloth, for dressy and ordinary wear. They are used for all purposes, and for the present are putting separate skirts and tunics quite in the shade. Every lady who is sufficiently slender to wear one is having one made for herself. Of silk it is so very useful; it can be worn in the street for visiting, for receptions, and for home dinners.

Even with the Directoire character the redingote polonaise holds its ground against all rivals for reception and dinner dresses.

A reception toilette has a rich redingote of black velvet and white silk stripes, the redingote being open from the neck to show a pleated plastron and skirt of black gauze held at the waist by a folded Empire belt of black velvet. The redingote panels are lifted to form loops on the hips towards the back.

Of course the gray redingote with white front is recovering the place it held in early spring. The combination shows no sign of abated popularity.

One model is a plain redingote of gray cloth, opened over a white front embroidered with silver, and draped plastron of white surah. About the waist is folded a cross sash of gray velvet. The skirts are pleated at the back, the fronts closing at the neck only beneath the pelerine collar of gray velvet. Gray velvet paraments finish the close-fitting sleeves.

This is a Princess redingote, skirts and corsage one piece, but ladies with large hips will look better if redingote skirts are sewn to a pointed corsage.

Another has a full redingote skirt of gray faille with white faille front, sewn to a Directoire corsage of gray faille, with white faille revers opened over a plastron of white ornamented with a pleated drapery of gray faille outlining the revers. The dog collar and paraments are of white faille.

The hat for this toilette is of black rice straw trimmed with a black tulle veil and pink roses.

An elegant Directoire redingote is of beige sicilienne, with beige lace skirt and revers of striped beige and gray faille. The left redingote panel is lined with the striped material, and is turned under and brought towards the front at the waist to display as much of the petticoat as possible.

Skirts are becoming more and more straight and plain.

One has the skirt totally without the drapery, and no tournure but a small rounded cushion. The front is a small tablier of white lace mounted on white faille. The lace corsage is elegantly draped in front on a faille lining, and is finished at the neck with the clown collarette of lace.

The full sleeves are of lace and terminate at the elbow. A sash of pretty velvet ribbon encircles the waist twice, and falls on the skirt in front to which it is attached by a long flowing bow.

Collars are either high, to the ears, or they are low and open, mere pleated frills of lace. These last, as newest will be more fashionable until late autumn and winter. The clown collarette, as it is called, and the draped pleated or tucked sleeves give quite an air of novelty to our corsages. Plain, close fitting sleeves are rapidly becoming out of date.

We are certainly returning to the famed leg-of-mutton, the joy of the caricaturists, and the enemies of Dame Fashion's ultra moods, but it really is the complement of short waists and corselet belts to which we have returned.

The long round cape, or version of it will never die out. As a carriage or theatre wrap it is being made with pleated lace, draped in elegant folds by being negligently raised under the arms when entering or leaving a house.

In pleated white woolen materials it is very beautiful lined with white faille, with three little pelerines. They are made in shot surah also, but they are less pretty unless very dark in shade. In mouse-gray cloth they are beautiful, lined with plaid surah.

There is a modification of the round cape more serviceable for the streets, it is made of a sort of pekin limousine or flannel, very light in texture, and is lined with silk thickly striped with fine lines of a second color, the back fits the figure, richly pleated below the waist, but the fronts form long pelerine sleeves edged with a band of velvet. Beneath is a fitted front of the pekin limousine or pleated surah, with a loosely tied watered sash in front of the velvet.

There is a little hood trimmed with velvet and lined with silk, the upright collar being of velvet. Pleated surah fronts could be substituted if the mantle were of richer fabric in one plain color.

Suppose the cloak is plain ecru tussore, unlined, the fronts would be of surah in a contrasting color. But then the vetement would be too elaborate for street wear.

Now that it is autumn, attention will be drawn to more substantial head-gear than the shady hat and tulle bonnet.

I have seen already some decidedly new and stylish hats, more particularly of the toque order.

Two are especially pretty; one had a beautiful folded crown of red shot silk, a close brim of black fancy straw, and was finished in front with a black parrot; the other was entirely black—a turban-folded crown of black lyons velvet, with small wings well set in the folds.

Autumn is essentially the season for felts, which Parisian milliners are at present trimming with great taste, chiefly with ostrich plumes; these of course are distinctly carriage hats, the compact garniture of rich ribbon bows, finished generally with birds or wings, being decidedly more suitable for walking head gear.

I have seen also a dainty carriage hat of soft white felt, a small boat shape, trimmed with rich white corded ribbon bows, and pure white dove wings set in the bows.

Felt chapeaux are durable, but they lack that soft becoming look to the face which a well made velvet hat gives, and consequently do not find such favor; this is specially noticeable in bonnets.

Some stylish little bonnets are made of cloth for autumn wear, plain covered forms, much lower in form than of late, and finished with birds and ribbon velvet.

A particularly attractive model in green and brown (by the way one of the newest combinations this season) the shape of green cloth, with a most becoming front of ribbon to match, and a fulness of brown velvet let into the crown at the back, velvet or ribbon strings, is a style well adapted for a costume bonnet. It has been the fashion of late, and one which greatly commends itself, to choose the chapeau to match the mantle or the coat rather than the costume.

This is obvious, especially where long outdoor garments are worn which frequently cover the gown, and therefore should match or tone the headgear; thus a greater harmony in dress would be preserved, and we should not meet at every turn incongruities which offend the eye; a large hat, perhaps over a face which would be rendered so much more pleasing surrounded by a pretty little bonnet with strings or a chapeau altogether unsuited to the general attire; an ill-fitting jacket, perhaps, over a well-cut stylish gown.

Odds and Ends.

SOME NICKNACKS ABROAD.

There is a great fancy just now abroad, for a somewhat barbaric order of jewelry. Uncut polished rubies, sapphires, pearls, moonstones and catseyes are mounted as simply as possible on red gold hoop rings or bracelets.

For earrings, one of these stones will be coupled with a diamond by means of two tiny links, and for lace pins on a bar of metal set edgewise.

Brilliants are arranged with no apparent setting, the stones being either mounted on a silver thread fine as a hair or attached by links of platinum that are only visible by a close inspection.

All the secondary stones—such as quartz, lapis-lazuli, tiger's eyes, Labrador stones, uncut topazes, amethysts, besides aiguesmarines, yellow diamonds, and garnets—are made a great deal of this season.

These stones are set in bracelets and small round brooches, encircled with diamonds, as pins for the hair, when they are mostly chosen conical in shape: in the handles of parasols, umbrellas and sticks; and, finally, in the scent bottles.

The favorite forms for these are cubic or cylindrical. The lower portion is plain clear glass, while the upper is in bright or frosted-gold, with a convex stone on the top. Scent bottles are made in the same shape as glass and beveled gold or silver, also in an elongated oval with ends almost pointed.

Another necessary addition to the female arsenal is the pocket mirror. Some of the prettiest are quite flat, and either round or oval, the glass sliding out sideways from the frosted or hammered gold case. Others are hinged, and when open, the glass stands at an angle, the case forming a stand. Others, again, are combined with ivory tablets or have a cavity at the back for the accomodation of a powder puff.

The pocket comb, with moustache brush for gentlemen, penknives, book markers, pocket scissors and button hooks are all now sold by jewelers, and mounted in one or the other of the precious metals.

Gold, hammered so as to imitate crocodile leather, and with or without the additional ornament of a small flower, insect, or whatnot in small diamonds or colored stones holds first rank.

Brooches in the form of bees and insects are in less favor than they were, saving the butterfly, which, when reproduced in diamonds, and either rubies or sapphire spots on the outstretched wings, is, and will doubtless remain, a classic design, ranking equally with the star or crescent.

Small sets composed of a bracelet and a pair of earrings, or bracelet and brooch, or a pair of earrings with brooch or ring are often chosen as wedding presents. For these single stones of large size for the earrings and rings, and smaller ones set in straight rows, for the bracelets and pins, are preferred just now to complicated and more artistic designs.

An extremely effective bracelet is divided on the upper side into three distinct tricolor bands—a row of brilliants between two sapphires and rubies.

Another, which has lately put in an appearance, is composed of seven gold hoops with transverse slides to keep in their places. Each hoop has a different stone set in it, one for each day of the week; for instance, a brilliant, a turquoise, a topaz, a pearl, a ruby, a moonstone, an amethyst, so arranged as to run diagonally across the upper side of the bracelet.

Sometimes the brilliant is omitted from the list, when an onyx or opal may be added, and each gem flanked by small diamonds. There are also rings made of three or seven hoops of divers colors.

The idea is borrowed from the Italians who delight in cabalistic numbers, and produce silver and gold wire bracelets with seven, thirteen and twenty-one hoops, or vary the arrangement by calculating the number of letters in a name, or that of the days in the natal month.

The success of the shamrock and trefoil is due to similar prejudices. It is as lively as ever. These emblems in plain gold with the stalk continued into a circle to frame in the leaf make charming brooches. In its latest manifestations the leaf itself is enamelled bright green or greenish-white, with little veins of a darker shade. They are used in common with enamelled lilac and white violets, white and pink dog-roses, blue forget-me-nots, and white daisies for pins and earrings as well as for the bracelets.

Savory Eggs.—Boil four eggs hard, when cold shell them, cut off a little piece at each end so that they will stand there, cut them in half, and take out the yolks. Pound them in a mortar with half an ounce of butter, cayenne to taste, and enough anchovy sauce to make a smooth paste and to color the eggs well. Anchovy paste (that sold in tins or pots) answers equally well for this purpose. Spread eight croutons with the best butter, and on each put a little cup formed of the half egg, filling them with the mixture prepared from the yolks. Rub up a little aspic jelly with a fork, and put it in the centre of a silver dish, arrange the eggs around and garnish with a watercress. Anchovies pounded may be used instead of the sauce or paste, and Liebig may be substituted for the anchovy flavoring.

Eggs and Sardines.—Boil four eggs as hard as the preceding receipt, but cut them in half lengthwise to take out the yolks. Scrape some sardines, three or four according to size, and pound them in a mortar with the yolks, and a seasoning of cayenne. Make a plain salad, and when it has drained pile it in the shape of a nest in a round glass dish. Fill each half egg with the prepared yolks and sardines, and put the halves together again, place them in the nest, and a pretty dish is the result.

A man in Nikko, Japan, is eight or so thick wadded comforters piled upon the floor, upon this a very ample wadded coat is placed. You slip into this great coat, put your arms into the long sleeves, fold it over you, and sleep. The pillow is a block of wood placed under the neck; but it looks too hard, and Europeans carry a rubber pillow to take its place.

Confidential Correspondents.

AJAX.—Luminous paint is composed of lime and sulphur mixed with oil and water.

READER.—You might try the application of strong acetic acid to the warts on your hands. Be careful not to let it get on to the adjacent sound skin.

CUCUMBER.—The Prince of Wales, the eldest son of Queen Victoria, will ascend the throne of England at her death and be crowned King.

MRS. P.—"Mrs. Partington" was an imaginary old lady who was distinguished by her incorrect and affected use of long words. Her sayings have been preserved by the American humorist Shillabeer.

L. D.—The "passing bell" was so named from being tolled when anyone was passing from life. It was also called the "soul bell," and was rung that those who heard it might pray for the departing soul.

BREACH.—Lovers are privileged people, but their opinions doubtless differ on the matter of caresses and outward displays of affection. What one person might think forward and immodest, another might look upon as a natural display of affection.

G. P.—For your tender feet try soaking them at night in a solution of alum, ten grains to the ounce of water. This will help to harden them. You should wear thin socks and easily fitting boots, and not stand about on your feet longer than you are obliged to.

FIX.—We can only recommend patience to you. Some gentlemen take a long time to make up their minds, and this one in particular is evidently very fond of you from his giving up every evening to spend it in your company. No doubt he has serious intentions.

ROLAND Y.—The seven wonders of the world were—the Egyptian Pyramids, the Mausoleum erected by Artemisia, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Colossus at Rhodes, the Statue of Jupiter Olympius, and the Pharos of Alexandria.

JOSEPH.—The origin of the custom is obscure; the ancients had a theory that a vein from the wedding-finger had direct communication with the heart. 2. The fable of the trees, told by Jotham to the men of Shechem, is the oldest fable on record. 3. The crescent is the symbol of sovereignty in the East.

IGNORAMUS.—You do not say what the words were applied to: most probably they were used to express the sudden showing of something or somebody in a true light. "The touch of Ithuriel's spear," is the title of a famous engraving in a valuable edition of "Paradise Lost." It represents the angel touching Satan with his spear, thereby forcing him to reveal himself in his true colors; hence the application of the words.

PARVO.—You have acted very unwisely in allowing yourself to become attached to the young lady, and letting her engage herself to you without a clear understanding on her part about your circumstances. It is hardly likely that her mother will allow her to continue her acquaintance with an apprentice, who is literally not his own master, and has nothing at all to provide a home for the woman he professes to love. The only honest and manly thing to do is to tell both ladies the truth at once, and let them decide what is to be done.

DESPAIRING.—Many girls are placed in the same uncomfortable position as yourself; and the pity of it is that there is no remedy. It is very hard to have a stranger put in the place of a dear and lamented mother; but widowers are free to marry whom they will, and a daughter cannot interfere. Your best plan will be—with your father's consent, of course—to seek for something to do away from home. If he has any regard for you, and he knows that you are not likely to be comfortable with a step-mother, he will not object to your living elsewhere.

U. M.—Blistering of the hands from rowing is often caused either by the oar not being grasped firmly with the hands and the fingers being allowed to slip up and down the handle, or by the absurd habit of wetting the oar with water, or wetting the hands so as to make them stick to the oar. The wrists should be dropped below the level of the fingers, the handle grasped evenly with both hands, not allowing the thumb to get round the end of the oar. If blisters do come they should be pricked early. It is not a bad plan to rub the hands with powdered resin before rowing.

EDITH.—The vendetta is supposed to have arisen in Corsica during the time that the island formed part of the Genoese dominions, when the insecurity through the maladministration of justice which existed helped to consolidate the custom. For its origin we must go further afield, as it is not exclusively a Corsican custom. Among all people at certain ages a system of private vengeance of a like kind has existed; and has not been stamped out until the Government of the country has become strong enough to insure to its subjects a proper redress of injuries, and thereby to put a restraint upon the passions of individuals.

ALLAN-A-DALE.—You and your friend are like the two people who quarreled about the color of the chameleon, you are both right and both wrong. Each is right as to the names of the planet—it has had three—and wrong in contending that the one he knew was the only one. It was discovered in 1781 by Sir William Herschell, and by him called the "Georgium Sidus," after George the Third; then it came to be named "Herschell," after its discoverer; and finally the name of "Uranus" was adopted, by which it is now known. It belongs to the remotest edge of our solar system, taking over eighty-four years to revolve round the sun.

G. E.—Although Columbus is entitled to all the credit of a perfectly independent discovery of America, since he had no knowledge of any prior discovery, there is strong evidence that hundreds of years before his birth—namely, about the year 1000—the shores of North America were visited by Scandinavian rovers. Some years ago, Professor Rain, an eminent antiquary, published a book to establish that conclusion. Norse traditions, he pointed out, speak of a country beyond Greenland; and their description of a mild clime, in which grapes were growing, would suit either Rhode Island or Nova Scotia. Nearly all the old Scandinavian historians have something to say on the subject.